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A PERSONAL PHILOSOPHY
FOR WAR TIME

BY THE AUTHOR OF
STREAMLINE YOUR MIND

A Personal Philosophy for War Time

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1792



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THE BASIC DOCTRINE

Point of View

Constructive Living in War Time

Just the other day a letter came to me from Australia, which, as these words are written, is under threat of Japanese invasion. It was from an old couple, now in their eighties. Although never very rich, they had been in comfortable circumstances all their lives, with the amenities of a convenient home, and no material worries; and they expected to spend what years were left to them in the same way. But when their letter was sent they had been evacuated from an area of danger to a small and crowded up-country town. There they were living cut off from their friends, in the cramped quarters of a single room. It must be pretty hard on them. Yet the letter breathes not a hint of complaint. On the contrary, it reads almost like a song of triumph. And its theme is *learning*. They have made a great discovery, which is not a bad performance at their age. And that discovery is—themselves. They have, to their amaze-

ment, found excellences in one another of which they had never been clearly aware in all their years together. And in each of them unsuspected strength had been revealed. They exclaim over how little material conveniences—on which they had always set considerable store—really seem to matter, and how clearly one comes to distinguish what is important from what is not when one is deprived of them.

A commonplace tale in days like these, when far more dreadful and dramatic things are happening to millions of people? No doubt! But perhaps it comes home to us all the more forcefully for that very reason. These two are demonstrating in a way we can all understand that constructive living is possible in war time, and that it depends upon a definite and achievable point of view.

As I read the letter I am reminded of a statement recently made by one of our best and most thoughtful radio commentators. He said that for ordinary men and women—that is, for the vast majority of us, including my two old friends—this war is sheer undiluted disaster with no good in it at all, and that anyone who claims the contrary is either a hypocrite or a fool. He is a person for whom I have the most lively respect. His language is quite strong enough to make anybody hesitate about disagreeing with him. As one surveys the stormy scene one cannot deny that he seems to have a case. Perhaps his attitude is the only honest one! But . . . Well, he is in the prime of life, earning a thousand dollars a week as

I happen to know, and living in great comfort in a very safe place. And I re-read my Australian letter. And I think he just doesn't know what he's talking about. Two people, infirm and old, strictly up against it, but meeting everything with higher hearts and a more gallant faith than they had ever before achieved, make his words sound like folly. These people are proving, not in words but in action, that constructive values can be gotten out of this war.

Take a straight look at the things we are facing, and try to estimate what they add up to, and what we ought to make of them all. We are entering a tremendous cycle of new experiences, most of them dismaying. On the debit side there is the disruption of our civilian lives, the obliteration of our jobs, the frustration of our careers, the diminution of our incomes, the vanishing of all sorts of accustomed conveniences, the dubious prospect for those we love, and for many of us physical danger and death. Of course there is something on the credit side as well, which we assuredly ought not to ignore—the inspiration of a cause to which we can devote ourselves, and which gives a new significance to our lives and actions—new patterns of comradeship into which we enter. It is not true to say that everything is pitch black. But after all, some day the cause will be won and most of the comradeships dissolved. And then where shall we be? And what shall we have? Even on the most favorable reckoning it looks obvious to common sense that

liabilities loom far larger than assets; and we seem to be the victims of a most colossal stroke of sheer ill-luck.

That is what the virtuoso of the ether-waves had in mind. He was trying to be grimly realistic, and issuing a warning against Pollyannas; and so far he was right. But I think my Australian letter refutes him. Here is a couple, alone and old and far from well. They are used to easy ways; but suddenly they must forego the conveniences which mean so much to aged folks. What do they do? Concentrate on some hypothetical silver lining to the cloud? By no means! They accept the situation and grapple with it in all its grimness. But they find a working philosophy which transforms grimness into opportunity. And they come through to a constructive issue. If they can, so can you and I! So can all of us!

It is a curious but unquestionable fact that human beings tend to be more clear-headed about basic values in times of adversity than when everything is easy. This is our real consolation in these war days. To say that you and I cannot get constructive and lasting values out of this thing which has come upon us is a lie. To do so we should certainly not try to be Pollyannas. But we must be learners. And this we can all of us accomplish. We need not, and indeed should not, bother too much about the "bright side" even though it is there. But we do need to regard this whole great flood of new experiences as a challenge to discriminate what matters from what does not matter in our personal lives. Here is a

lesson which we can most certainly learn. Most certainly, too, it can carry us through this emergency; and we can carry it with us when the emergency is passed. It can give us strength and serenity now, and in the days that are to come.

This lesson can be put in very definite and simple words, though its consequences are endlessly fruitful. It has, as a matter of fact, been repeated again and again, with endless variations, for immemorial ages. It is not one of those cheap formulas, guaranteed, like some trick medicine, to cure at once any and every mental ill, or the shoddy and superficial invention of a moment. On the contrary, the profoundest thinkers of our race have echoed and re-echoed it along the corridors of history. It has been rediscovered again and again in succeeding generations by innumerable men and women, just as my two old friends rediscovered it. And always, and particularly in times of stress, it has come to them with inspiring and revealing force.

Here it is. We should focus our living and center our hearts upon the fulfillment, the upbuilding, the strengthening of human personality in ourselves and others. This is what matters. Human personality itself is the supreme and central value, and the key to all right choices and all lasting satisfactions. It is a classic doctrine, and of course the very center of our democratic conception of human society. But also it should be understood and applied as an intimate, helpful, constructive personal

philosophy of life by individual men and women. My old couple in the remote Australian town, although they did not put it explicitly into words, grasped it in just this sense. In a moment of great emergency and hard trial they simply discovered—themselves. Here is the central lesson to be learned in days like these, and to keep as our guide when they are over. In the words of Immanuel Kant: "So act as to treat humanity, whether in thine own person or in that of another, in every case as an end withal, never as a means only."

Defeatism

On the learning of this lesson, the achievement and application of this philosophy, depends our ability to make something constructive out of what is happening to ourselves and to the world. The poet Keats condensed it into a pregnant alternative which sharpens up the whole issue.

"This world," he said, "is not a vale of tears. It is a vale of soul-making."

There lies the whole difference between moral victory and defeat. If ever this world seemed convincingly like a place of blood and tears and nothing else, it does so now. Yet moral defeatism begins by accepting the appearance for inevitable reality. The radio commentator of whom I spoke did exactly this; and plenty of others are following in his train, and are shaping their whole lives on the assumption. In present happenings they can

see nothing constructive, nothing but the threat of sheer disaster for themselves and others. The careers on which they had set their hearts are imperiled. The plans on which they had counted are frustrated. Safe and familiar ways have suddenly become untenable. Danger and death, so long the merest phantoms, now loom within the circle of possibilities. Their ears are deafened and their minds are stunned by the clash of overwhelming catastrophe. All this seems to them nothing but unmitigated misfortune, unmitigated evil. And there seems nothing they can do about it.

One must not dismiss such a viewpoint as mere selfishness or cowardice. The reasons for it are far too obvious. But as a working philosophy of life it points straight towards demoralization. There are, perhaps, not a great many who go all the way. The complete collapse of confidence and strength, fortunately, is not very common, even in the midst of these dark emergencies. We all know those who become completely unnerved, who can do nothing but wring their hands and broadcast gloom and lamentation, and whose conversation and thoughts are always full of dismal forebodings for the world and for themselves alike. Yet it is not circumstances, as such, which crush these unhappy people, but rather the way in which they deal with them—their attitude towards them. They are the ultimate and most tragic victims of the defeatist outlook. But the great majority manage to avoid any such complete debacle.

Many save themselves from it by some kind of evasion. They try to ignore events. They refuse to listen to bad news, or to believe that evil things can really come to pass. For instance, there are plenty of men and women who cheer themselves up by believing, deep in their hearts, that this is bound to be a short and easy war, or that the government cannot really mean what it says when it announces restrictions. When they hear or read warnings to the contrary, they tend to shrug them off as propaganda, and to let only pleasant and promising utterances sink in. During the last war a student at Cambridge University in England was asked why he was not in uniform. He blandly answered: "I disapprove of this brawling." Perhaps not many have that much effrontery. But no inconsiderable number disapprove of the present "brawling" so much that they inwardly refuse to face its practical implications for themselves. They are, presumably, somewhat better off than those who simply go to pieces. But they are profoundly unrealistic and unwise just the same. They are unhelpful to themselves and to others also, for they are living on a principle not of strength but of weakness. They have the reward of a certain cheerfulness; but it does not amount to very much or carry very far, because it is shallow-rooted. In days like these facile optimism, and the vague hope that somehow matters will turn out well, is a fragile and unstable attitude, very thinly partitioned from despair. It is at the mercy of circumstances, and

can always, in a moment, collapse when things go wrong.

Others, and they are not a few, achieve something better. They admit that things are bad, and very bad. They can see nothing but what is dubious and dark in the outlook for the world in general, and for themselves. They know that destiny is threatening, and they accept it to the full. But they tell themselves that, come what may, they can take it.

Such an attitude is far from ignoble. Those who adopt it have at any rate taken up a position from which they cannot easily be bombed out by bad news and untoward happenings. Indeed one often hears it highly praised and warmly recommended. But this much it hardly deserves, for it is limited and essentially defensive. The storm is bad, but we shall ride it out. The days are evil, but we propose to survive. This is exactly the doctrine of the radio commentator mentioned a short while back. It was also the doctrine of a prudent and practical man of another generation, the not very inspiring Abbé Siéyès, who was asked what he did during the revolutionary terror in France, and answered, "I survived." That is exactly the point. Such people intend to carry through, and may well do so. But there the matter ends. They have not the slightest hope or expectation of achieving even that without being permanently weakened, scarred, and harmed.

Complete collapse, false optimistic evasions, stern reso-

lution to endure the worst—all are variants of defeatism. Fate is harsh and hostile. It attacks our most cherished values. Its constant threat is to take away everything that makes life worth while. The world is a vale of tears, and we must pass through it as well as we can.

Postulate of Victory

But there is an entirely different way of facing adversity and difficulty and the challenges of life. It has nothing to do either with false optimism, or superficial cheerfulness, or with hunching up one's shoulders and saying that one can take it. Rather it depends on seeing the world, not as a vale of tears, but as a vale of soul-making, and going ahead on this assumption, which can very properly be called *the postulate of victory*. There is no doubt whatever that a great many people, because they are guided by this principle, are able to keep on top of events during the emergency, and are going to come out of it all stronger and better than they ever were before. And there is also no doubt that every one of us can do as much if he will.

I know very well that this looks like a pretty stiff proposition, and that I may be accused of sentimentalizing things. Perhaps I can make the point clear by citing an example not drawn from the immediate war situation. I know a man whose wife died after a most successful and devoted marriage of over twenty years, leaving him with two children in their teens. Certainly this

looks like a shattering disaster, and those of us who were his friends were very anxious about him. Would he collapse? Would he go to pieces? Would he be turned in hopelessly upon himself? Nothing of the kind took place. He faced a very bitter trial with supreme dignity and control. A beautiful and rewarding chapter of his life was over, and now he had to deal anew with the present and the future. He has been able to find a woman with whom he shares a deep mutual sympathy, and who already has his children's affection. With her he plans to make a second marriage, which I am sure will be as successful as, though quite different from, the first. His clue has been the fulfillment and strengthening of human personality in all concerned—in the woman, in his children, in himself. And it has led him to constructive living and constructive choosing. Was his first wife's death a disaster? Yes, indeed! He will always feel it so; and in his heart her memory will always be green. But out of the disaster has come forth good. He has amazed us who know him; and I have reason to believe that he has amazed himself as well. He has created strength in himself and others, and he will have a well-deserved reward.

This is the way to face all adversity, all difficulty, including the adversities and difficulties of these war days. We would not choose to have all these trials and troubles come upon us and upon the world. If we could have waved a magician's wand back in 1939 and stopped

the rush towards catastrophe, we would have done so. But this is absolutely no reason why they must overwhelm us, absolutely no reason why we cannot capitalize on them.

Our old vocations are gone with the wind. Can we not survey ourselves and the scene about us, and set to work building in ourselves new powers, new insights, new resources which will serve us well? We are drafted into the armed forces. Must we take it as an unavoidable misfortune, mitigated by the thought that at least we are doing something for our country and for the cause of freedom? Why not regard it also as a great adventure, a great experience, to be accepted gladly and wholeheartedly, and one that can enlarge our horizons and strengthen our courage? Or perhaps we are among those who must stand aside from the main course of events for a while, or even for the entire length of the war. In some respects this is the hardest challenge of all. But surely even so we can find opportunities for added kindness, added control, wiser and warmer humanity, and for the doing of what seem like uninspiring tasks better than ever before—something that will make us better men and women, and be of at least a little help to those with whom we deal. We should not merely seek to come through these times of stress. That is the wrong way to go about doing even so much. We should—and most assuredly we can—learn and benefit from them all

the rest of our lives, and help our children to do likewise.

So this book does not preach consolation or mere endurance. It preaches victory—victory in the face of trial and deprivation, victory in the face of loneliness and loss and a doubtful future, victory in the face of bereavement and death. Victory we can have. Men and women, now and always, can organize their moral victory about the postulate that human personality itself is the supreme value, the central end and aim.

This is a philosophy which carries into every aspect and activity of our lives. And we can get along with nothing less. What corner of our lives does this war leave untouched? We feel its pressure and challenge in the family circle, in our friendships, in the material phases of our existence, in our planning for ourselves and for our children, in our careers. In all these respects its challenge must be met; and we can make that challenge either destructive or constructive. It is in the moral as well as in the strategical and social sense a total war; and we can deal with it only by a total philosophy of living.

Tennyson once compared the man "whose will is strong" to a rock ringed about and beaten by the tempest. I do not think the metaphor a good one, and I here propose a better. In his autobiography Jack London has told us how he used to shout and sing in sheer exultation as he drove his over-sailed cat-boat through the tide

rips and surges of San Francisco Bay. There, I suggest, is the truer parable. The human spirit triumphant over fate—that is the theme to cling to and live by in such days as these. This is the answer to all defeatism, to all who say that what has come upon us is nothing but misfortune, with no possibility of good. Such claims are simply false. All through the ages, in times of trial, men and women have lived in such a way as to make mock of them. And so can we today. We can do it by centering upon the values of human goodness and human personality in ourselves and others—by treating the world through which we pass not as a vale of tears, but as a vale of soul-making.

Courage

The Conditions of Courage

“So act as to treat humanity, whether in thine own person or in that of another, always as an end withal, never as a means only.” This is the central doctrine of our wartime philosophy of life. When we ask how it applies we find that it indicates two controlling attitudes, the first towards ourselves and our own problems, the second directed towards others. The first is courage, and the second is fellowship.

Courage is a virtue greatly admired, greatly praised, often recommended. That it is also greatly needed in days like these hardly needs saying. It is required not only by those of us who must meet physical danger and possible death, but also to face anxiety, bad news, a doubtful future, separation from loved ones, deprivation, and also and by no means least of all just sheer boredom and a paralyzing and dismaying sense of uselessness. It can carry us through the emergency; and if we build it

into ourselves now—as many are undoubtedly doing—it will serve us well all through our lives.

But the question is how to do this. Much has been written and said on the subject of courage. But one can search a very long time without finding any clear and simple statement of the conditions necessary for its achievement. This is rather more than a pity. There is not one of us who would not wish to be courageous. To override worry and fear, to face threats and problems with high-hearted confidence—what a blessing! So much is perfectly obvious. But the trouble is that we don't know how.

Yet we can know. The basic conditions of courage are neither obscure nor doubtful. Psychologists have been familiar with them for long enough; and although one must dig into technical writings, and collate a good deal of material to find out what has been said, the outcome is surprisingly definite and clear-cut. Moreover the formula—for it is hardly less than that—will get results when put into practice. For instance, those responsible for the training of soldiers know perfectly well what it is, and put it into operation very effectively. They have to know what it is, for it is their brutally practical task to prepare men in such a way that they will not easily go to pieces in the shock of battle; and that is an educational job which has to be properly done, and no maybe about it. But for some strange reason no one seems to have thought it worth while to put the nub

of the whole matter into words for the benefit of the rest of us, although plenty of others besides soldiers need to learn how to be brave.

The whole thing can be summed up in a sentence. Courage depends upon planned action for a constructive goal. It has two closely interrelated conditions which, taken together and applied, will guarantee it as well as anything can be guaranteed in human life. We must face an emergency, not in terms of feeling, but in terms of intelligent action. And we must aim towards constructive outcomes. These two conditions it is in our power to fulfill.

Courage and Planned Action

Since the point has already been brought up, let us return for a moment to the building of bravery as part of military training. Why is it that a body of soldiers will show more courage under fire than a mob of civilians? Surely not because the soldiers have something in their blood stream which the civilians lack. Surely not because they were born braver. The reason is that they have been taught to prepare for just such events. For months they have been learning what to do, how to co-operate with one another, how to obey orders, how to use their weapons, when to take the initiative, how to attack, how to protect themselves. So, when the emergency comes, they are not helpless victims of their emotions. They neither fling themselves upon the enemy, nor rush fran-

tically away. They may, indeed, be scared or excited. But such feelings do not take charge. Reason takes charge. They have a plan of action, an intelligible means of meeting and dealing with the situation. Here is an essential condition of courage.

This ties in directly to our basic wartime philosophy. Action governed by fear or rage tends towards formlessness. It is a surrender of a man's own personal self, a relapse towards the primitive, the sub-human. Courage, on the other hand, is the assertion of a man's own self, as an active, reasoning being, in the face of circumstance. The idea is expressed very perfectly in the ski-jumper's saying: "Run the hill; don't let the hill run you." Emerson put it less picturesquely but with equal precision: "Courage is equality to the situation before us." Courage is reasoned action.

There is a character who appears in several of John Buchan's novels—the tough old Afrikaner scout named Pieter Pienaar. From Buchan's autobiography we know that he was an actual personality, not a fictitious invention. Pieter has a formula, a saying, to which he comes back again and again when difficulties are thickest and trials most dismaying: "Ek sal 'n Plan mak," he says: "I will make a plan." Again and again it has been his salvation when things seemed hopeless, and when the deadly temptation of surrendering to wild and aimless impulse or passive despair would most certainly have been fatal. For him it is the very heart of courage—a

courage which expresses itself, not in violence or boasting, but in a calm and quiet self-assertion, a serene, almost placid confidence. "Ek sal 'n Plan mak!" There is the wisdom of the old wilderness scout, who has been in many a tight place before, and brought himself through. A plan—and the best one you can make—is salvation from panic, and the chance of success. Direct your energies. Don't let the situation take charge. Take charge of it, as wisely and intelligently as you can.

Vilhjalmur Stefansson, the great Arctic explorer, says exactly the same thing in telling what to do if one is caught far away from shelter in a polar blizzard, which is none too bad a parallel to the way many people are feeling in the world today. Never, he says, wander blindly. Never trust to that delusive thing, your "sense of direction." You need a more stable clue than that. Sit down and recall the twists and turns of the course you have been following. From this, figure out the direction of your camp. Then decide upon the way to go, start off, and stick to it even though it may seem wrong, making systematic casts from side to side. If you find yourself growing tired, don't push on frantically until exhaustion drags you down. Take a rest, and if need be, a nap. If you have not drained away your strength in futile struggling, the cold will waken you before you have come to any harm. Rely not on your emotions, but on your reason. (Indeed he even goes so far as to say, in effect, rely on geometry.) This is the way, and the only sure

way, to resist panic; and panic will most surely be your end. Your plan may not work out and get you through. But it is your best chance, and a good one.

Admiral Byrd, in that truly terrifying book of his, *Alone*, tells a similar tale. If you have read the book you will remember that he decided to camp in complete solitude nearly a hundred and fifty miles south of Little America, on the ice of the Barrier, all through the long and dreadful Antarctic night. One of his regular routines, after daylight had gone and the darkness was continuous, was to take a walk for exercise, whenever the weather allowed. During one such walk there befell him surely as appalling an experience as could ever come to any man. He was strolling in the icy stillness, deep in thought, when suddenly it flashed upon him that he had lost his camp. He had not been attending to his direction. The Barrier was a vast, even, snow-covered waste. Its surface was so hard that his feet had left no trace. His little shack itself was masked in white, utterly indistinguishable. He tells us that for an endless moment he was sick with horror and self-reproach. Yet if he had given way to fear, he would inevitably have been doomed. He would have quartered wildly over the vast, iron-bound desert of ice and snow until a storm came up, or he sank down exhausted. But he pulled himself together and made a plan. He scraped up a little heap of frosted snow, took his bearings by the stars, advanced a measured number of steps, and made another heap.

So little by little, by sighting back and forth, he explored the area about him, always able to return to his starting point. And at long last he came upon the marker flags which would steer him home.

Courage, then, stems from planned action. The principle is as simple as that. And it is exceedingly practical. A ship's captain carries out lifeboat drills for the reason that the best way to avoid a panic is for everyone to know where to go and what to do in an emergency. British commando troops rehearse every detail of an operation before undertaking it, so that nothing may be left to the inspiration of impulse of the moment. And of course the idea applies to our civilian emergencies also.

Take, for instance, the problem of getting into war work or joining the armed services. The great majority of Americans feel a most praiseworthy zeal to help the national cause. But some of them literally ride off in all directions in their effort to do so. They squander so much energy in seeking a place in the great undertaking, and in worrying when none opens up, that the work they are actually doing and can do well suffers. The direct helpfulness of that work may not be obvious; but still the best thing for them to do is probably to settle down to doing it better than ever before for the time being, until a definite opportunity presents itself or the government issues a call. They certainly will not help things along or encourage others by getting into an anxiety neurosis.

Or again, a man who is drafted into the army, or who must change his occupation or his place of residence, would do well to take a leaf from the book of Pieter Pienaar—that is, to sit down, think things over, and make a plan. How can he best care for his personal affairs and his obligations to others? How can he best adapt himself to the new conditions he must face? The point is always to remember that man is a rational animal, and that there is nothing so reassuring as an intelligible and well-considered plan to which one can definitely commit oneself.

Here is an analysis of our personal situation in facing an emergency which is helpful and revealing. All of us have available just so much energy and no more. At one extreme every scrap of it may go into organized action; at the other it may be dissipated in wild confusion. It is like so much water back of a dam. Every drop may flow in orderly control through the turbines. Or the dam may break, and the flood spread devastation everywhere. In the first instance we have reasoned control, and in the second, surrender to emotion. Usually, however, things are not a hundred per cent either way. There may be some swirling and roaring at the sluice gates; but so long as the main outlets are not blocked, there will be no great danger and the machinery continues on the job. Planned action—the essential condition of courage—is the antithesis of and the antidote to fear. This, of course, is why a pilot in training who has had a crash is imme-

diately sent up again so that he may not lose his nerve. Merely telling him not to be afraid will not help him much. Also it is why the thing to do, whenever we feel fear, anxiety, and worry rising in us, is to consider our whole position, review our plans, and seek outlet in effective action. Slogans will not greatly help. Planned action will.

In ideal there is no doubt that effectively directed and planned action can completely banish fear. It is said that many Londoners felt far less alarm and anxiety when the city was under nightly attack than when things were easier. They were able to react with a definite plan and clean-cut action; and so long as this was possible they were hardly afraid at all.

President Roosevelt, as reported by General Hugh Johnson, has put it in this way: "During my waking hours I give the best that is in me, and neglect as little as possible. When time comes for rest and sleep I can reflect that I could not have done better if I had it all to do over, except for hindsight, which simply does not come at the same time as the problem. There is nothing left for me but to close my eyes, and I do it, and am asleep."

Such attitudes, to repeat, are entirely possible and achievable, and their condition is perfectly clear. But as a matter of practical experience we cannot everywhere and always expect quite such high serenity and perfect control. One may be up a very sudden and shattering

emergency—an overdraft notice from the bank, the abrupt discovery that one cannot purchase some needed article, the shock of unexpected bad news or of an unforeseen demand upon one. For the moment one may be thrown off balance, and go into the glooms or a tantrum, particularly if the blow falls when one's physical and mental energies are at a low ebb and poorly co-ordinated. But even then the road to quick recovery is evident. One should diagnose one's case, and say in effect: "Just now this thing has hit me pretty hard, and I need a little time to take it in. But once I have assimilated this new difficulty into my working plans, I shall be all right again. I shall be master of myself once more, and no longer the victim of rampant feeling."

There are going to be plenty of times and occasions during these war days when fear will steal towards us and threaten to overwhelm us. We may have to face the prospect of losing our jobs and our livelihoods, the prospect of losing our homes and our loved ones, the prospect of novel challenges and strange associations, the prospect of injury and death. Often it will seem to us that alarm and worry are simply unavoidable. Those are the moments when it is well to remind ourselves that they positively can be avoided. Rational self-assertion, co-ordinated action—that is the answer. And even if, on this or that occasion, it does not carry us all the way, it can always reduce destructive emotion to manageable proportions, and make possible a quick recovery of poise.

It can take the curse out of fear. It can, in the tremendous Biblical phrase, rescue us "from the power of the dog."

Courage and Constructive Goals

So far we have seen that courage stems from planned and reasoned action. The proposition is perfectly sound as far as it goes; and also it is thoroughly practical. It will certainly work out. But obviously it does not tell the whole story. The aim of the plan, the goal of the action, is an essential matter.

A draft dodger, or a tax dodger, or a confidence man, or a sneak thief may plan his line of action with the utmost care, and achieve what seems like imperturbable calm in carrying it out. Such a person may show, for the time being at least, an amazing *nerve*. But it is a quality very different from that manifested by the defenders of Bataan, or by Colin Kelly when he sank the *Haruna*, or by a man who surrenders his place in a lifeboat to his wife. Cunning is not the same thing as courage.

Neither is recklessness. A gentleman of my acquaintance, who owns his private airplane, was taking a group of friends on a cross-country flight. All went well at first; but then he lost his way, and used up a great deal of gas before he found it again. Darkness began to close in. The weather became threatening. His passengers begged him to make a landing and abandon the flight. But he refused. In spite of terrible risks he managed to get through, after which he laughed heartily at their

fears. That was not courage. It was stupid, selfish, self-inflated rashness.

What, then, is the difference between cunning or rashness on the one hand, and courage on the other? Surely it is this. Courage is planned action directed towards constructive ends. If my acquaintance, the private pilot, had been killed, nothing would have been gained. When Colin Kelly died, much was gained—enough more than to offset a tragic loss. It was an act of sacrifice on behalf of others. So, to make the point specific, courage is planned action directed towards the upbuilding, strengthening, and liberation of human personality in oneself and others.

This is why the very highest courage can be so quiet, and even seem so tame, whereas rashness must be spectacular. I know an Englishman who was in his early twenties during the last war, and who endured tremendous pressure and bitter humiliation during the recruiting campaigns under the volunteer system, because he refused to enlist. His reason was that he had a widowed and invalid mother entirely dependent on him. But he could not tell that to some girl who pinned a white feather on him in public. So, too, in this war, men who are unable to enter the armed services or to find an immediate place in the war effort, and who continue at their regular jobs in business or in school with a new sense of consecration until a definite call comes, are showing the true, heroic American spirit just as genu-

inely as those whose pathway leads to more dashing exploits. They find their clue in the human quality of their actions.

Here, too, is the reason why courage can give us a serenity of spirit and a strength of heart very different from the coolness and evanescent assurance of the cunning schemer. Cunning aims at what seems like an immediate and obvious material advantage, but one which is almost inevitably short-term and illusory because enduring and constructive values are disregarded. Courage, on the other hand, is a long-term investment which for the moment may seem to involve some sacrifice, but which offers solid and reliable returns. It is essentially a choice based on the assertion and development of what is best and truest in oneself, and most helpful and constructive for the good of others.

A girl I know recently made application for a job for which she was very well qualified, and which she was very anxious to get. She belongs to a religious faith often eyed askance by those who don't know much about it. The employer was on the verge of an offer when she revealed this fact, and instantly everything was off. An adviser of hers suggested that it would have been wise to keep still, and that she certainly ought to do so in similar situations in the future. She indignantly refused. Her religion, she said, meant much to her; she was loyal to it; criticisms of it were absurd (quite true!); and she

had no intention of concealing something which was an essential part of her, and of which she was proud.

This is a fine example of the difference between courage and cunning, and of the different effects they produce. She might have bluffed through with a great deal of nerve and control. But with what result? She would always have had something to hide, both from her employer and her parents and friends. She would have been on edge from then on for fear the secret might come out. She would have let herself in for constant nagging anxiety. As it is, she has let herself in for peace of mind and confidence. Surely a considerable reward!

But that is not all. Virtue *is* its own reward—but not its *only* reward. She has other dividends coming to her also. She has proved something to herself, established something in herself, which will stand her in good stead in other emergencies. She has proved something about herself to those of us who know the circumstances; and that also will stand her in good stead. I have no doubts about her future. It will be far better in the long run than if she had been cool, and smart, and cagey. People such as she create a place for themselves in this world. They are at a premium.

I know that I am likely to be drafted. Shall I try to finagle a deferred classification? Almost certainly not. If it is simply a matter of escape, quite certainly not. To do so will mean that I can go on with my career? Highly dubious! But assuredly it will mean that I have

shirked a great challenge, repudiated a great loyalty, and avoided, or sought to avoid, a great experience which will change my whole outlook, enlarge my horizons, and build up strengths in me which will serve me well all the rest of my life. A cunning plan of action will diminish me, and so diminish all my chances in the world.

I have a fine chance to dodge the tax-collector. Shall I take it? The money I would save would certainly be most convenient. But I would pay for it by sacrificing something of myself. If I am wise, I will refuse the bargain. And if I and my family must live on less, we can all learn something from it that will stand us in good stead when better times arrive.

My job has been obliterated in the change-over to a war economy. What shall I do? Shall I collapse in panic? There is no need for that. I will set up a plan of action which will certainly include looking for another job in the most intelligent manner possible, but which will not neglect factors personal to myself and those around me. I will canvass my own aptitudes, my own interests, even my hobbies. I will ask myself whether there is not some strength in me which might be built up and developed, perhaps by some sort of training. I will not regard the jolt, the shake-up as a disaster, but rather as a challenge. And I will remember that many and many a man has benefited enormously from being fired—from being torn off the perhaps quite unsuitable rock to which he was

clinging like a limpet, and where he was growing more limpet-like each year. Moreover I will not be satisfied with any job unless it gives me a chance to grow and a chance to serve, as well as a chance to earn; and if need be I will accept less pay for such opportunities, and think the bargain good.

Fortune favors the brave. Why this should be so is not one bit mysterious. Courage is action calculated to build strength in me. Strength in me creates chances for me. Moreover every courageous act brings strength, fulfillment, and liberation to others also. Cunning does not. Rashness does not. But courage does. The girl who refused to conceal her faith did something for her mother and father, for her friends, for all the members of her church, and even for the employer who turned her down. Colin Kelly dying in his cockpit did something for every one of us. This is why no courageous act—no act which makes humanity itself in ourselves and others an ultimate end—is ever foolish, ever wasted, ever thrown away.

A woman named Dorothea Lynde Dix, the day before she died, and after months of helplessness and pain, said to a friend: "I think, even lying on my bed, I can still do something." There is the very essence of courage—a refusal to surrender her very self, a refusal to be passive, an insistence on self-assertion. What did she get from it? Something for herself, no doubt—calm, peace of mind, assurance. What did others get from it? A life-

long memory full of inspiration. If you and I, who read this tale, find anything in it which is of help, her courage fulfills itself in us.

A luncheon guest of the celebrated Baptist divine Robert Hall once said to him: "Mr. Hall, what would you do for the rest of the day if you knew for certain that at midnight your soul would be required of you?"

"I would continue with the plans I now have," was the answer. "This afternoon I would go on my round of pastoral calls. Then I would return home for supper. Afterwards I am due to take charge of a meeting at my church, and there I would go. Following that I have a conference with my deacons. Then home again, and after an hour's devotional reading, which is my regular custom, I would bid my wife good night, commend my soul to my Maker, and compose myself for sleep."

He would fulfill himself in all the dignity of manhood, until the appointed hour. Something for himself, and something for others too?

This is the theme of all heroic tales, and of all acts of courage, spectacular or commonplace. The historian has told us how the Spartans at Thermopylae behaved in the few days of their deadly trial. They showed, and seemed to feel, no fear. They laughed and jested among themselves, and carefully arranged their hair and garments in the conventional mode. And they died to a man because they refused to surrender their integrity and tra-

dition. When their countrymen raised a monument in their honor, these words were carved upon it:

“Go, tell the Spartans, thou that passest by,
That here obedient to their laws we lie.”

The epitaph summed up the essence of their courage. But also they did a deed for Greece. Afterwards every mercenary of a foreign aggressor knew that a Spartan soldier must be killed to be conquered. And their resistance paved the way for the resounding victories of Salamis and Plataea.

It is very certain that in these days which have come upon us, many of us must face the ultimate challenge of untimely death. So any personal philosophy worth while for war time cannot shirk this most formidable and exacting of all issues. Such a philosophy must provide both for those who will give their lives, and for those who must endure bereavement, a clear line of help and guidance. How does our doctrine of courage tell us to confront death? This is indeed an acid test of its validity and honesty.

War time has a certain moral uniqueness which lies in the fact that death comes to many of us, not as an accident or a misfortune, but simply in the normal line of duty. In peaceful days this is usually not so, at least for the great majority of us. For then death is an interruption of our ordinary pursuits, not a direct consequence of them. And so, perhaps, in times like these, we

can perceive with clearer insight something which should always be evident to us—that life and death are all of a piece—that the way we are able to face death depends entirely on the way we live, and on the purposes to which we devote ourselves.

As the very beginning of wisdom it is well to recall to mind an extremely obvious but extremely pertinent point which is often overlooked. Our choice is not between dying and endless life. It is only between death soon or late. The American sergeant of Marines at Belleau Wood in the last great war put the whole case in a nutshell when he shouted to his hesitating men: "Come on, you —; do you want to live for ever?" That is not a bad thought, either for soldiers going into battle, or for all of us who must face the possibility of death, even though the line of our ordinary duty may not itself take us to the threshold. It has the tonic strength of absolute realism and honesty.

Clearly then, what matters is not how long we live, but how well we live. We shall none of us live so very long, in any case! The whole significance of death, yours and mine, depends altogether upon its context, its setting in the pattern of our lives. This is why those who live nobly and for constructive ends are able to face death courageously; and why those they leave behind can feel, even in their sorrow, that everything has not been lost and wasted.

I know a man, now far along in years, who all his life

has been coddling himself in a more and more ingrowing selfishness. His master motive, which has grown steadily more obsessing, has been to save himself every inconvenience, every harsh and disturbing contact, every challenge. He accepts much from others, but gives little or nothing in return; and so he has no real friends, and seems to want none. He has avoided marriage, because it might have interfered with his comforts. He has retired from his vocation, because the ordinary business of life is too fatiguing and bothersome. He leads a padded and luxurious existence, and occupies himself from day to day with a meticulous routine and a round of small hobbies which amount to nothing. *I have never met any human being who betrayed a more craven fear of death.* Not that he ever talks about it! Indeed, the whole subject is most rigidly under taboo, which is itself revealing. He avoids any mention of acquaintances who have died. No life insurance salesman can get within a hundred yards of him. I happen to know that he has consistently refused to make a will, and flew into a tantrum when, on one occasion, his lawyer brought the matter up. He will never knowingly take the slightest risk. When he goes for a drive, his chauffeur must never exceed thirty miles an hour. He worries over every tiny symptom of possible sickness, although his health is quite robust—something that he does not much enjoy being told. Each six months he has a physical examination, but he goes to the ordeal with as much anguish of spirit as though

it were an execution. There is the picture and the paradox of a man whose life, so far as human eyes can see and human judgments penetrate, is about as useless and non-constructive as it well could be, but who longs to live for ever.

Contrast such a spectacle with the death scene of Sir Richard Grenville at the close of the last and most heroic fight of a long life of struggle and service. Tennyson has told the story in these words:

“And the stately Spanish men to their flagship bore him
then,
Where they laid him by the mast, old Sir Richard caught
at last,
And they praised him to his face with their courtly foreign
grace;
But he rose upon their decks, and he cried:
‘I have fought for Queen and Faith like a valiant man and
true;
I have only done my duty as a man is bound to do.
With a joyful spirit I Sir Richard Grenville die!’
And he fell upon their decks, and he died.”

Our doctrine of courage, then, applies in this sense to the supreme emergency of death. We direct our choices and steer our actions towards the strengthening, the up-building, the fulfillment, the liberation of human personality in ourselves and others. This is the sure source of serenity and certainty of mind and heart, because it is the basic principle of constructive living. And it enables us to face death as we should, because we can know

that, whatever happens and however short the time, we have not lived in vain. We have built something that endures, both in ourselves and others.

Courage based on wisdom, then, is the answer to the threat of death, both for those who must die, and for those who must suffer bereavement. The publicist and editor, William Allen White, of Emporia, Kansas, lost his daughter just as she was on the threshold of womanhood. In his exquisite and moving tribute to her he tells us how, in spite of all his grief, he was upheld by an awareness of shining and imperishable values. He had watched her grow, both in body and spirit, from a tiny baby. Year by year her personality had unfolded in beauty and strength; and she had shed more and more light on those about her. He speaks, with fondest love, of the many friends she made, of the many and diverse people who came to know her, to watch for her passing on the streets, to be interested in her doings and her well-being, and to be warmed by her kindness. And he intimates that to have had so bright a creature in his life had given him something he could never lose, and had made him a better and more serviceable man.

All this, surely, strikes a chord deep in our hearts in these war days. We are reminded that the time is short. But this need come to us as no message of fear and doom. It should be a challenge to live more completely in the dignity of manhood and womanhood, more steadfastly to seek and build enduring values in ourselves,

more solicitously to encourage and strengthen those with whom we have to do. This is the secret of courage—courage for living and courage for death. And for those who go out to die? They are dying in the cause of human freedom itself, that cause which, as I am urging in these pages, should be made the mainspring and principle of every individual life and the central doctrine of our wartime philosophy.

Fellowship

Constructive Dealing with Others

Fellowship is another of the great and enduring values which can come to us from the experiences of these war days. Our lives are full, as perhaps never before, of new contacts, new associations, new opportunities to work and serve together. Many of us are thrown in with people of a kind we hardly knew existed; and yet, because we are all aiming towards the same goal and moved by the same hopes and fears, we discover a kinship between ourselves and them. Most assuredly we should be able to gain something of no little worth from it all; and if we do not, the failure is our own fault. We are being challenged to learn, better it may be than we have done in times past, the lesson of constructive dealing with others.

It is an absolutely essential lesson. You and I cannot live well if we have learned it badly. And the reason is this. *We can never diminish, restrict, or harm another*

human being without suffering loss; we can never help another human being to be more completely and courageously himself without reaping gain. We cannot live for ourselves alone, even though we try to do so. The experiences through which we are now passing are crowded with opportunities to understand this.

Instances are so innumerable that it is hard to choose; but perhaps a few random ones may serve to clarify the idea. A man becomes an officer in the army. He assumes a great responsibility for the soldiers under his command. Clearly he discharges it best, not by playing the part of a ruthless and self-seeking martinet, but by making their physical, mental, and moral welfare as human beings his supreme concern. This does not mean turning himself into a nursemaid. It means establishing himself as a leader whose heart is big enough to have a fellow-feeling for their troubles, and to rejoice in their well-being. In this way he both builds up his unit, and also grows himself as an officer and a man.

Or again, a man enters the enlisted ranks. At once he is thrown together with a motley collection of his fellows. What is he to do? Shut himself off as much as possible from distasteful contacts? Pal around with a tiny coterie of like-minded individuals? Not if he is wise! It is his great opportunity to get beyond the boundaries of his narrow self, to learn and develop through comradeship with new sorts and conditions of men. He can find out that barriers between human be-

ings are due chiefly to sheer stupidity, and that their effect on the persons concerned is always limiting.

Or again, a woman becomes an air-raid warden, and this gives her a special entrée to the families in her block. Here is an opportunity for human contacts and human service. It will be lost if she is merely officious and arbitrary. But if she sees her responsibility as a challenge to deal with people as people, and to encourage, help, and advise them, she will to be sure not make good in every case, but at least she has adopted the policy of success. It is the way to make the most of her job, and in making the most of it to gain the maximum reward from it. What she can gain is added tolerance, control, poise, and insight into human nature.

Or again, a man who lives in the suburbs teams up with a group of other residents to take turns driving in to work, in order to save tires. In more ordinary times these people might never come to know each other, and never even want to do so. The plan itself, of course, is an act of mutual service; and it opens up whole vistas of opportunity. Shall the group sit dumb and glum during their rides to and fro? What a spectacle of folly and obtuseness! Why not seize the chance to enlarge acquaintanceship, to discover still other ways of helpfulness? Each individual who does this, even to a limited extent, will not only give something, but also gain something—and something of enduring worth.

Most assuredly, too, one should not think of present

opportunities for constructive human dealings and relationships as confined to unusual contacts. These are times when our family dealings and our old friendships should take on a new poignancy and depth of meaning. Here is a father who, while he loves his son, has found the youngster rather a nuisance and a trial during his adolescent years. But now something impends! The boy must go to fight and perhaps to die for his country. Is this not a supreme challenge to reconstitute the relationship on more perfect lines, to begin finding out how much father and son may mean to one another, how much they can do for one another, and to start at once? Here is a couple whose marriage has settled—perhaps even degenerated—into something of a routine. But now the husband is taken from his old job, and must go into war work, and they must start again in a new community. Here is a chance for them to reshape their values, and to rediscover each other anew.

So one might go on endlessly. But surely the case is clear. In ordinary times we take our personal relationships pretty much for granted, and do not make it a principle to cultivate and nourish them. But now we are given innumerable chances to see that a definite policy in any well-lived life is to create patterns of true fellowship and mutual concern and helpfulness, and to maintain them.

Moreover we need to see that such experiences go down to the very roots of things. It is worth while to

repeat once more the basic principle involved. We cannot diminish, restrict, or harm another human being, no matter how slightly, or casually, or unwittingly, without being ourselves the losers. We cannot help another human being to be more courageously himself without being ourselves the gainers.

Hugh Walpole, in his novel *The Cathedral*, tells the story of a man of great force and determination. He did what he thought to be right and reasonable in spite of all opposition and all disasters. He continued to assert himself even unto death. But he had one fatal lack. He ignored and trampled on everyone about him. When his only son offended him and went against his wishes, he cast him off. He slighted his wife, and treated her as a mere domestic convenience. He held his daughter in no account at all. His dealings with his associates were wholly for the purpose of bending them to his will. Gradually everything and everyone fell away from him. He found himself defeated at every turn. At last the very citadel of his own spirit was invaded, and he became the self-destroyed victim of evil passions and murderous desires.

A certain woman, in her youth, entered the employ of a large business. She was driven by a terrible determination to achieve affluence and security at any cost. Everything that stood in the way of her career was remorselessly sacrificed. She fiercely refused to make a home for her young husband, and by tragic degrees her

marriage collapsed. She set herself to cajole and undermine the superiors who were in the way of her promotion. When she herself began to achieve authority she tyrannized over her subordinates in order to make a showing as an executive. She capitalized on personal relationships with one or two of the principal officers of the firm, but the moment she had reason to think that they could no longer be of service to her, she had no further use for them. She rose to an important, well-paid post; but she paid a terrific price for it. In middle life she was isolated, feared, hated. She had no home life, no sincere and disinterested friends. She had nothing left but the cold ashes of an achievement from which all the savor was gone.

Here, in brief, are the stories of two people who wrecked the whole pattern of their lives because they repudiated the principle of fellowship, because they treated others as means instead of ends.

“Down to Gehenna or up to the Throne
He travels fastest who travels alone.”

In some cases, perhaps so! But is the game worth the candle? To be alone—to be more and more alone as the years pass—that, surely, is a tremendous price to pay for a few poor inches more progress than we might otherwise have attained! When one stands at the bleak and solitary ending of such a road, can one say that it was worth while? I have sold a few more thousand dol-

lars' worth of goods, I have risen a couple of grades higher in the executive ranks, I have made twenty per cent more money than I might have done if I had taken time out for fellowship along the way. What sort of investment is that? The cost has been the diminution of myself, and the diminution of all those whom I have exploited to make what I call my success. Those others—most assuredly they have their revenge. It just does not make sense. It is no way to live.

Today it should be supremely obvious that this is so. Those extra inches of progress, that added increment of earning or prestige, have become more doubtful. Even the handful of dust and ashes for which we often sacrifice so much may be denied us. And as we go about our various occasions—at our work, in our homes, on the streets—and share the thoughts, or even only look into the faces of others, are we not constantly reminded of a something shared with them, of a great togetherness born of a common hope, a common anxiety, a common task? No one but a fool can welcome war. Yet no one but a dullard can fail to be aware of its tremendous emphasis upon the most constructive value in human life—our common humanity. Surely we should warm, comfort, and strengthen ourselves and others at the hearth-fire of fellowship in the midst of this deadly storm. Surely this is a time to make all our human dealings—as between husbands and wives, parents and children, friends, business associates, and extending into

even our most casual relationships—more repaying, more sustaining, more completely human.

Fellowship has many values. It can console us when we are sad, and increase our pleasure when we are glad. It can give us support and confidence in perplexity and trial, and can drive away the curse of loneliness. But none of these are its essence. It is not an added something which helps us to deal better with a rough world than we could alone. It is not the frosting on the cake of human existence, but lies at the very heart of life itself. Fellowship is our self-fulfillment in another, and his self-fulfillment in us. This is why it should be continuously and steadfastly sought and built. So much, for the wise, is hardly a matter of choice. It is what we must do if we are to traverse the vale of soul-making as we should.

The Building of Fellowship

So in these war days, we should set ourselves to build patterns of fellowship in all our relationships and dealings with others, however profound and lasting, or however superficial and transitory those relationships may be. The question is how to set about doing it. Here is a famous letter which gives the answer.

“DEAR JOHNSTON:

Your request for eighty dollars I do not think it best to comply with now. At various times when I have helped you a little, you have said, ‘We can get along very well now,’ but in a short time I find you in the

same difficulty again. Now this can only happen by some defect in your conduct. What that defect is I think I know. You are not *lazy*, but you are an *idler*. I doubt whether, since I saw you last, you have done a good day's work in any one day.

This habit of wasting time is the whole difficulty; it is vastly important to you, and to your children, that you should break this habit. It is more important to them because they have longer to live, and can keep out of an idle habit before they are in it, easier than they can get out after they are in.

What I propose is that you shall go to work 'tooth and nail' for the best money wages you can get. And to secure you a fair reward, I now promise you that for every dollar you will, between this and the first of May, get by your own labor, I will then give you one other dollar. I do not mean that you shall go off to St. Louis, or the lead mines, or the gold mines of California, but I mean for you to go at it close to home—in Coles County.

Now if you will do this you will soon be out of debt, and what is better, you will have a habit which will keep you from getting into debt again. But if I should now clear you, next year you will be just as deep in as ever. You say that you would almost give your place in Heaven for \$70 or \$80. Then you value your place in Heaven very cheaply, for I am sure you can with the offer I make get seventy or eighty dollars for four or five months' work. You say that if I furnish you the money you will deed me the land, and if you don't pay back the money you will deliver possession—

Nonsense! If you can't live now *with* the land, how will you then live without it? You have always been

kind to me, and I do not mean to be unkind to you. On the contrary, if you will but follow my advice, you will find it worth more than eight times eighty dollars to you.

Affectionately, your brother,

A. LINCOLN."

That letter is a masterpiece of high morality. Like some apparently simple but really most subtle musical composition, one finds more in it each time one reads it through. It is a prototype of what human relationships ought to be.

Notice first of all its emphasis and direction. It focuses upon the interests and well-being of other human beings. Johnston himself, and his children, are the center of concern, and the business arrangements are only a means to human and spiritual ends. He must have been a very annoying individual, with his continual pleas for help and his absurd talk about deeding away his land and being willing to sell out Heaven itself for seventy dollars. Yet he had his virtues; he was kind, and he meant well enough. Lincoln takes him just as he is. When he was thinking over what to say before writing the letter, he must have asked himself how he could use the situation and the influence it gave him to try to help his brother-in-law to help himself. He did not simply hand over the money and let the other man do whatever he liked. Nor did he issue certain orders and insist that they be obeyed. He pointed out the defect of which

this happening was but one manifestation and indicated a general line of action by which it might be overcome. This attitude of regard for others, of willingness to establish them in terms of their own strength and their own decisions, is the center of fellowship.

Then notice the careful, thoughtful, painstaking planning revealed in the letter. We cannot achieve fellowship with others by a kind word and a slap on the back. We must use intelligence to see into their problems, to understand their personal needs, to guide our own dealings with them into ways of helpfulness.

Why do we almost instinctively say that Lincoln was right in what he did? Is it not because his plan was so obviously designed to promote the interests of all concerned, *as persons*? The benefit to Johnston needs no elaboration, for it is set forth in the letter with transparent clarity. But there was also another person who gained something from it all—A. Lincoln himself! He was making a gift, not of money, but of himself; and even if the gift were rejected he would gain in wisdom, strength, and human sympathy by having offered it. But if it were accepted, if Johnston really set to work to make himself over as well as to earn his eighty dollars, would not the relationship between the two men, which evidently had been of some value in the past, become far more repaying? What Lincoln did was to lay the foundation of a better pattern of fellowship, from which everyone concerned—not only the two principal

parties, but their families as well—would benefit as human beings.

This is exactly the principle which should guide our dealing with others in these war days. We shall find ourselves side by side with plenty of people we do not like, whose manners offend us, whose point of view seems strange, and foreign, and perhaps stupid. If we simply become hostile, or encase ourselves in an armor of indifference, we have to chalk it up as a failure. Why not try, with care, and thought, and insight, to get next to such a person as a person? We should not, of course, set out in an offensively missionary spirit to do him good, for we may seem just as difficult to him as he does to us. But the very difference between us should suggest that we can each learn and benefit from the other, if only we can discover how. We both have limitations, and if we come together we can help each other to transcend them.

Again, we shall find plenty in human nature to distress us. We may think that the great cause for which we are working should automatically obliterate pettiness; but we shall discover soon enough that we are wrong. I know an air-raid warden who was brutally rebuffed when, in the performance of his duty, he tried to offer some helpful suggestions. I know a woman who came home from a Red Cross sewing circle in tears, exclaiming that she despaired of human nature because of the small bickerings and fault-finding that went on. I

know an officer who is driven frantic by the sullen meanness of one of his subordinates. We must expect such happenings. But just because things are difficult, that is no reason for giving up the fight, or for telling ourselves that since people are small and hateful, we will be small and hateful too. Why not take a leaf from Lincoln's book? Why not look upon all such cases as problems to be solved? Even if we fail to solve them, we shall gain by trying; and it will do us no harm to learn that we too lack a few perfections. And if we do solve them, we have created assets for ourselves and others.

Beware of Exploitation

The error to avoid like the plague in all our human relationships is that of exploiting others. This consists in treating them as means and not as ends—as conveniences rather than personalities in their own right. It consists in using them for our own purposes instead of helping them to establish and realize their own, dealing with them for the sake of our own ease, comfort, and self-glorification.

In dramatic cases we feel at once and overwhelmingly that such exploitation is a monstrous evil. Today we wonder how it was possible for slavers making the middle passage to treat their human cargoes worse than cattle. A man who could complacently grow rich on the factory conditions of seventy years ago, with little children toiling sixteen hours a day, seems to us no better than

a callous criminal. When we see, in a popular magazine, a picture of a Japanese officer blooding his sword on the body of a living Chinese captive, we revolt against the act as an outrage upon our profoundest values. And our ultimate complaint against the totalitarian powers is that they ruthlessly use millions of people for the advantage of a few.

Obviously our immediate and invincible recoil before such deeds is very convincing evidence that the philosophy preached in these pages is sound. Human personality itself is ultimate and sacred. Otherwise, why not sell human beings as chattels? Why not throw them overboard if they become sick? Why not shorten children's lives by forcing them to work in appalling conditions? Why not use the living bodies of prisoners as targets? Why not reduce whole nations to slavery? Once the basic proposition is denied, there can be no clear logical objection to such actions. We repudiate them all, and hardly need to stop for a moment's consideration, because there has been built in us a belief that personal values are paramount.

But we cannot properly accept a philosophy as applying to broad social issues, and public concerns, and special instances, and at the same time ignore it in our individual dealings. We cannot honestly be democratic about some matters, and tyrannous about others. If exploitation is wrong anywhere, it is wrong everywhere, and for the same reason. To avoid it must be a central

policy of our own personal lives. We can be content with no less.

I think we do not easily realize how often it creeps in, and how disastrous it is. Instances of it abound, but are not always recognized for what they are. There is the martinet officer to whom an infraction of discipline is only that and nothing more, and who will not be bothered in any way about the personal difficulties and troubles of his men. He may excuse himself in all kinds of ways, and glow with a sense of his own virtue. But as a matter of fact he is acting for the sake of making a record, or to avoid worry and trouble, or simply for self-flattery. He is using his men for his own purposes, and rejecting all concern for or interest in theirs. He may win promotions. He may have the joy of being feared. But he is harming and limiting himself as a person because he harms and exploits others. There is the chairwoman who rules her Red Cross sewing circle with a rod of iron. All suggestions and ideas from other people are snubbed and treated as disloyalty. She must always have her own way. To be a member of her organization is a misfortune, and to be its leader a still greater one, for which no rewards of self-satisfaction or praise from higher-ups can compensate. There is the man who rides to glory in one of the new government organizations, tramples down anyone who shows initiative, and favors only toadies and yes-men. He may tell himself that he is helping to win the war, and perhaps he is, but in a fash-

ion inconsistent with the very ideals for which we fight. There is a far better way of doing it; for the most effective administrators are those who develop those around them, and themselves develop in so doing.

Exploitation can take on an amazing and endless variety of different and deceptive forms. It can, for example, masquerade under the name of firmness and discipline. We intend to make those under our command, or our office subordinates, or our wives, or our children toe the line and obey orders. Moreover we tell ourselves that it is good for them to do so. But although this may be quite true, it needs qualification. Everything depends on whose line we make them toe. If it is simply and solely our own—if we dominate them simply because we want to shine in our own eyes or in those of other people—we are not doing them any good; and we are ourselves the losers. We are, in effect, shouting our own orders, our own wishes, so loudly and continuously that we cannot hear a word they say. And we may be sure that they could have plenty to offer which we could benefit by receiving, and they by giving. Here again is exploitation, the destruction rather than the building of patterns of fellowship. Whenever we coerce any human being to our own ends and desires, we injure him and he injures us. He always takes his revenge. He never becomes something he might have been. He can never give us something we might have had.

Exploitation can take still subtler disguises—parental

love and filial duty, for instance. A mother uses all sorts of specious pleas, including half-feigned illness, to keep her daughter by her side. The girl's marriage prospects are deviously undermined. When she wants to take a job which would establish her financial and personal independence, obstacles are thrown in the way. After the father's death the link becomes unbreakable. The daughter is denied the great personal enrichments of wifehood and motherhood, or of economic independence, and can never become the woman she might have been. Except for a few sighs and repinings, for which she blames herself, she may hug her chains; but she is a prisoner nevertheless. And what does the mother get out of it? An unpaid servant, a constant companion on whom she becomes more and more dependent even though she imposes on her more and more. If the daughter had married and created a home of her own, or made a career for herself, would not this have brought far more richness, vitality, and stimulation to the mother also? It is, no doubt, a far cry from such women to the Japanese officer and his victim, but their feet are on the same road. One human being is using another for her own purposes; and both are diminished thereby.

Again, exploitation can take on the disguise of kindness and amiability. I know a father who can never bear to reprimand or correct his two sons. All the discipline of the home is left to the mother, and a sorry job she makes of it. The man rationalizes his attitude by much

talk about giving children freedom, and the happiness of domestic affection. But in fact he is acting in terms of inverted selfishness. He wants at all costs to win the good opinion of his sons, and he tries to get it by coaxing and spoiling. He cannot endure an unpleasant scene, the exchange of a few harsh words, or an hour or two of sulking. The question which underlies all his actions is not how he can build them up into sturdy yet self-disciplined independence, but how he can himself get the psychological and emotional satisfactions he desires. The life of the family is a scene of unhealthy sentimentality interspersed with brawls and lamentations which bode little good for the future of its members. I think my friend is on the way to lose his sons just because he tries so hard to keep them.

Even more often exploitation takes the form of mere, sheer heedlessness. In the biography of Katharine Hepburn which has been appearing recently in periodical form, it is said that at one time in her life she had a way of storming at any underling unlucky enough to displease her or to make a mistake. She simply did not understand that there are many people in the world who have no financial back-log, and whose jobs, which seemed petty to her, are their only bulwark against destitution. In other words, as she herself came to realize, she failed to look upon them and treat them as human beings. Certainly Miss Hepburn has no monopoly on this fault. What about the timid and homesick rookie

who made some sort of feeble advances to you, and got snubbed for his pains? What about the grocery clerk you reported to the supervisor because he made some mistake in serving you, without ever dreaming that he had been up all night with a sick wife? What about the bus driver you so ferociously and enjoyably bawled out for a few impudent words, when, if you only knew it, he was frantic because a loan shark was tearing at him? These are all patterns of exploitation—ways of acting based on our own immediate convenience and nothing else. And they injure us as well as others. All of us have all too frequent reason to be ashamed of our own treatment of human beings. We push them around, we deal with them as chattels or robots, we use them as mechanisms for our own purposes, with never a thought of what is happening in their hearts, or a moment's consideration that our heedlessness may add yet another straw to the burdens they are bearing.

Getting and Giving

Compare such soiled, spoiled patterns of human relationship with the clear and noble attitude of Lincoln's letter. If he had simply given in to his brother-in-law, and sent the cash, would it have been an admirable act? Clearly not. Lincoln would not have brought the other added strength, or lasting satisfaction for himself. Soon the plea would have been renewed, to be met either with more money, or an angry or glacial refusal. The whole

relationship would have been made fragile and unstable, impoverishing rather than enriching to both. And the reason is that the delicate and balanced pattern of getting and giving would have been thrown askew.

The pattern of getting and giving depends upon a principle which, though fine and subtle, is yet very clear indeed. Every truly enriching gift is not *from* one person *to* another. It is something in which both share, and by which both gain. All I can ever offer to another is part of my own self; and that offer is futile and unavailing unless made so wisely and with such insight that he in turn can make it part of him. Johnston asked Lincoln for money; but what he received was something far more precious. It was part of Lincoln's self—something of his wisdom, his kindness, his brotherliness, his very heart. We do not know how Johnston responded, but surely he was granted an opportunity such as anyone might covet. And it was in his power to make a life-long repayment, enriching also to him, by becoming a better man and a better brother. If Lincoln had passed over the money in the hope of flattering gratitude or to avoid a scene, and Johnston had taken it, perhaps with a slight grudge because the sum was not larger and a determination to get more later on, the whole possibility would have been destroyed. For patronage and greed wreck the delicate and true pattern of getting and giving.

Thus a wife finds her full stature as a person in help-

ing her husband. But it is imperative for her to do so as a free human being, acting in the light both of her capacities and proclivities and of his needs. These are the only terms on which she can make her offering, and he accept it. The moment either one begins to force his or her unconsidered notions upon the other, the whole possibility of value and of personal enrichment is thrown into jeopardy. The self-same principle holds in dealing with a little child. Here all the giving seems to be on one side; but to think so for an instant is superficiality itself. The mother who gives her child the very best of her very self, and gives it so wisely and tenderly that something of her fineness enters into him, altered yet still strangely the same, to remain a part of him for ever, finds her reward in the many-hued and ever-changing radiance of the most perfect fellowship human life can offer. Her son's growth to the wisdom and spiritual stature of his own manhood is her own success as a woman. But here again everything is jeopardized by spoiling, everything is jeopardized by repression. Human beings must be treated as persons in their own right and therein confirmed, and never as toys, never as conveniences, never as means for our own self-regarding ends.

A couple I know, after eight years of marriage, faced the situation created by the death of the husband's father, and his mother's lonely widowhood. What were they to do? The obvious thing would have been to in-

vite her to live with them and many would say that this was the only decent course. But they decided against it. After full and frank discussion they all felt that if she came to live with them, she would certainly place quite a strain on their family life, even with the best intentions in the world. Even though she said never a word, her opinions about many intimate matters would be impossible to conceal. She would be almost driven to side with one person or another when some dispute arose. They had two young children, and naturally believed that for their sakes a calm and untroubled home life was of great importance. Moreover they thought that the old lady herself should make a new adjustment after her husband's death. In this they were exceedingly wise, for old people, like young ones, also need to fend for themselves and to make their own world about them. So for these reasons an arrangement which would have been convenient in many ways was rejected. They give her financial assistance which costs them a good deal more than it would to have her live with them. They are always glad to see her, and to have her for frequent visits. But she has not been taken in as a member of the family. This is an excellent example of the rational organization of the lives of a group of people in each other's personal interests, and it is working out with great success. They all mean much to one another, but no one is being placed in a dependent position, no one's true freedom of growth and action is being curtailed.

Dale Carnegie, in his book *How to Win Friends and Influence People*, has a very interesting discussion about how to deal with others if we wish to make them like us. In a word, it comes to this. Always encourage a person to talk about himself, to expand, to give you his confidence. Don't force your own ego and your own concerns upon him. Be a good listener. In following this plan one is appealing to a basic human impulse and desire—the desire to display oneself and to be admired, to have someone else interested in what is most interesting to one. As a formula for making a person like you, there is no doubt that it will work out. A man can spend an hour in your company telling you eagerly all about his plans, his hopes, and his doings, while you hardly open your mouth except to give him an occasional conversational jog; and then he can come away all aglow, considering you the most delightful and fascinating person he has ever met. The trick will get results even if you are laughing in your sleeve all the time, and thinking him nothing but a simple, babbling fool whom you can twist round your finger. But there should be something far more in it than this. As a device for getting your own way with a person it will succeed up to a point. But beyond that point it will not carry. Even assumed concern for another will work for a time; but sooner or later the sham will reveal itself; and in any case such deceit and cynicism is harmful to you, even though never found out. It should be regarded simply

as one of many ways—and often a very good way—of giving another something of yourself, and letting him give you something of himself.

So the building of patterns of fellowship calls for intelligence and concern directed towards the interests, the needs, and the viewpoints of others, and for action which aims to promote their independence and to enrich the values of their living. To build such patterns should be a constant and perpetual wish; and we can learn it and realize it in the many opportunities of these war days. The ultimate reason is that fellowship and sharing with others are essential for the mutual establishment and upbuilding of personality in ourselves and others which is the focal meaning of life.

Our Future

We Create the Future

Our wartime philosophy proposes a policy for living. Its central affirmation is that we should concentrate primarily upon the development of new and greater powers, deeper insights, and wider horizons in ourselves, and upon the building of strength and independence in others. This, it claims, is always the wisest plan we can follow. The idea has many fruitful applications, not the least valuable of which is that it indicates a very definite attitude towards our personal future, and a very definite and constructive way of working for it.

Today this is a problem before which we may very well be tempted to throw up our hands. What is going to happen to us? What can we do about it? Surely these are almost impossible questions. What can we see ahead save an immense uncertainty and a thickening cloud? As our vast and comprehensive war effort gathers momentum, it is perfectly obvious that very many of us

are going to find ourselves in situations of which we had never remotely imagined. We shall be fighting in outlandish places, piloting planes, driving tanks, sailing on ships, working on farms or in factories, carrying on with the Red Cross, employed by the government on incredible tasks. Even if we remain at home in the familiar round, nothing will be the same. We have been catapulted helter-skelter into an adventure as fantastic as a dream. None of us can tell where, how, or with whom we shall be living a year from now, or what our work will be. And as for how we shall come out of it in the long run, who can tell?

This being so, is not any discussion of or advice about the future at best silly and at worst a confounded insult? Are we not licked before we start? This would most certainly be so if we tried to make a blueprint of it. But here is the very thing to be avoided, the very thing to learn not to do, the very thing to forget about, once and for all and for ever. We cannot foresee the future. We cannot control it in detail. But we most certainly can and do create it. *The individual himself is the primary cause of his own future.* He makes it by the sort of person he is, and the sort of person he becomes. Anything that strengthens him, that awakens in him new powers, more effective insights, broader vision—anything that leads him into more adequate and constructive human contacts—fits him to build for himself and

others a better future, even though he cannot tell what it will be.

This is good sound American doctrine; and if we had forgotten it in years gone by, we had better hurry up and remember it now, for we need it badly. The English have a saying: "Look after the pence, and the pounds will look after themselves." That is, be careful and thrifty and prudent, and everything will be lovely. It has never been popular in this country. This is because we have always believed, and with much justification, that the best way to "look after the pounds" is to live adventurously and creatively. Of course it has not always been well practiced, and indeed has often been soundly perverted. But still it is very close to the center of our moral tradition; and we do well to recall today, for we can get courage and faith from it, and come through victoriously in terms of it, just as our forebears did in other times of trial. Also it is the precise implication of the philosophy contained in these pages. Our version of the English proverb might well be: Look after your own self-development, look after your constructive human contacts, and your future will look after itself.

Here are two actual type cases of the way this creed has worked out in the past. Recently there has been published the story of a young clerk in early nineteenth century New York. Although written as fiction, it is closely founded upon fact. This young man got a job

with a very substantial commercial house. He put across some remarkably successful business deals, and drew a good deal of attention to himself. Out of the blue came an offer from a rival firm, carrying very considerable immediate advantages. But he refused it. He did so because he believed that his present employer was treating him honestly, because he had some suspicion of the motives and integrity of the man who tried to hire him away, and because he knew that the work he was doing and would do fitted him as a glove fits a hand and would give him every chance to develop. The decision was made on personal grounds, in terms of a plan for himself and his own development, and not of a blueprint of what was to come to pass. And it created for him a satisfying future.

In the early years of the present century a young man was employed as a science instructor in a large high school. He had a strong side interest in art, which he had long enjoyed as a hobby. He followed it up in his spare time, and finally decided to study with an art teacher in the same school who had a reputation for being unusually inspiring and effective. He worked extremely hard, and although he never managed to become much of a painter, he was able to apply his knowledge of chemistry and physics first to the materials and processes used, and later on to the investigation of pictures, particularly old masters. Today he is a distinguished art expert. He has literally created a career for

himself. Yet he did not do so by proceeding on a basis of calculation, but rather by developing his own powers, courageously following his own bent, and cultivating the values of a most repaying personal relationship. So far from having foreseen what would come, he now looks back upon it all with complete amazement.

I know very well that, in contrast with present happenings, these two illustrations seem rather tame. But the point is that a principle is involved—a principle that has had a good deal to do with the greatness of America, and with the success of innumerable men and women in it. That principle is that personality is a creative force; and it applies more obviously and cogently today than ever before.

We are not going to everlasting smash in this war. Economic prophecy is not within the scope of this book, or of my own competence. But certain things seem pretty evident. When the war is won the world will have a far more potent productive apparatus than it had in the past, more experienced financial controls, and presumably a real willingness to get together. Surely we may have a reasonable faith that it will be better—yes, and richer—than the old world ever was. And here we are, going through incredible and unheard-of adventures, pried out of our ruts, forced into new experiences. Why be dismayed? We can find in ourselves possibilities we never thought existed. We can build in ourselves strengths of which we never knew ourselves

capable. Out of this mighty schooling America can gain a generation of adventurous-hearted sons and daughters to build her to a pinnacle of greatness, and to share in her success. This is how to face the future which we cannot foresee.

A man is going into the army. The budding shoots of his peacetime career are all lopped off. His future, which had begun to emerge at least in vague outline, is now completely indeterminate. What should he do? Never give a thought to the years that are to come, because this would interfere with his morale? So much is not necessary. And the reason is that he can feel that he is building lasting assets, and has a chance not only to serve his country, but also to make an investment in himself. Physical health and stamina, new skills, new interests, enlarging human contacts, a new outlook upon life—all these can come to him; and whether they do or not is largely up to him. If he will only be a whole-hearted learner he will both make himself a good soldier, and gain something to stand him in good stead when soldiering is done. Will he be able to find a place in the post-war world? This is not the proper question. The question is whether he is equipping himself to *make* a place, and in so doing, help to make that world.

A woman gets a job in an airplane factory—the best paid and most interesting job she has ever had. But to what is it leading? What will happen when we no longer need thousands of military aircraft every month?

No one can say. But in any case her job is leading to growth. The very fact that she enjoys her work, and finds the new life and the new associations that it brings a stimulus and a tonic, is in itself a promise. She has come out of a smaller world into a larger one—a world where she has more power in herself, more assurance, more sense of status and value. She is herself a more creative person, and there is no better assurance of an enlarging future.

A boy is rejected for service, and feels that he must stay in school, largely because his parents insist. That is hard to take for the young and eager. But the answer in general is that in these days we should make even our peaceful pursuits doubly significant. Specifically, he can and should set himself to make his schooling what it always should be but frequently is not—a real adventure in self-discovery and self-fulfillment. Where it will lead he cannot tell; but he is getting a chance to explore, to develop, and to test himself, and he should take it to the full.

A man of middle age has tried desperately to find a place in the war effort, and has failed. What should he do? Go on trying? Or settle back in the old job, which may not, of course, be as good as once it was? Probably the latter, at any rate until a clear lead presents itself. But not in the old spirit, not in the old routine. A new sense of urgency, a new sense of significance, a taking of himself in hand for drastic reorientation—that is indi-

cated. If he is like most people, he has stopped learning and started plodding; and now is the time to reverse the process.

All of us want to make a maximum contribution to the cause. Some of us will be into it right over our heads. Others must stand on the side lines. And there will be endless degrees and grades of participation in between. But something each one of us can do—something constructive. We can all learn. We can all grow. We can all begin anew to discover ourselves and others. In this way we are fitting ourselves to be worthy citizens of the unforeseeable new world, and to create for ourselves in that world an unforeseeable but satisfying place.

Forcing the Future

Our attitudes towards and ways of dealing with the future can range all the way between two extremes. On the one hand we may try to force it. We may set up a definite objective, and do our best to mold circumstances, other people, and also ourselves to bring it about. On the other hand we may center upon living as wisely and strongly as we can from day to day, on doing our tasks as well as possible, on learning and growing in them to the uttermost, and simply let coming events take care of themselves. The closer we come to the latter way, the wiser we shall be.

Here is an illustration which occurred before the war, but which makes clear a principle peculiarly valuable

and important today. A good friend of mine held a minor executive job with a big firm in downtown New York. He is a very shrewd individual—in fact he rather prides himself on it. He had been for some considerable time watching developments in the business with an eagle eye; and finally he became convinced that a certain move was likely to take place soon. It looked as though there would be a chance for him to get very substantial promotion if he played his cards right; and he proceeded to try with all his might to do so. He foresaw that two of the higher-ups would be key men, and he began a campaign to cultivate and impress them. A fellow-executive loomed up as a probable rival, and he started to undermine the man by whispered detractions and maneuvers. He even made one or two strictly under-cover pacts to gain support. He boned up on the very specialized information which would be needed in the job he thought would come, and took some pains to let the fact be known without revealing the reason. He concentrated on his strategy with all the energy he had. Indeed he worked himself up into such a fever over the whole business that he lost sleep, began to look haggard; and his associates noticed a falling-off in his work. But he thought it was his big chance. Then the break came—but in an altogether different way from his expectations. There was a consolidation; a new man was brought in over his head; his own range of activities was restricted; and he resigned in disgust.

This, clearly, is an example of prudence gone wrong. Let us make a list of the errors involved. (a) There was a futile attempt to foresee the future. As a matter of fact, until the very end, no one—not even the president of the company—really knew what was going to happen. (b) There was a futile attempt to make the future behave according to specifications. (c) There was a tremendous waste of energy—a long period of needless and bitter anxiety, culminating in a rash and stupid action. (d) There was a repudiation of sound and honest personal relationships. (e) There was a neglect of self-development on the job, which might actually have given him what he wanted. For he was so busy chasing his will-o'-the-wisp that everything else came close to going by the board.

It is easy to call him a fool. Perhaps he was. But there are a great many fools of the same sort loose in the world today. And many of them consider themselves very foresighted people. There are business men who are trying to dodge priorities, because they think they see a possible market which may never develop. There are men in the army who lie awake nights trying to figure some way to be cagey about a return to civilian life in a world sure to be new and different. There are women who are consulting fortune-tellers and astrologers—who always flourish in troublous times—and acting on the unreliable advice they receive. All such people are calling down upon themselves the five curses visited upon my

poor friend. They are impairing their present usefulness. They are limiting their present development. They are almost surely impoverishing their personal relationships, which do not seem important enough in the stresses of their misplaced prudence to call for any time, thought, or cultivation. And when the inevitable happens, and the course of events turns their planning into folly, they say that the world is against them. Talk to them about a policy of self-development and self-fulfillment based on present enterprises, present enthusiasms, present contacts, and they will think you are crazy. But they are running their heads into a concrete wall; and when it turns out to be harder than their heads—they blame the wall!

It happens to be an absolute and unavoidable fact that coming events cannot be foreseen in detail. Moreover, they cannot be forced in detail, because the consequences of any act or happening are unpredictable. My friend in the New York office learned this to his cost. Perhaps it would be nice if the universe were arranged differently; although if we really could know just what was going to happen to us one year or five years from now, we might not like it so very well. But that is how things are! A whole raft of destructive and dangerous attitudes can be blown away like the mists if only we will keep in mind one simple truth. Your future and mine, beginning from this moment, does not lie before us like a well-drawn map. So we had better quit hunt-

ing for that map. Our future is not written in the stars or anywhere else. It does not in any sense exist. We create it as we go along. And this is not because accidents keep happening, but rather because we ourselves change, and it changes with us.

Paul Morphy, probably the most naturally gifted chess player who has ever lived, was once asked how many moves ahead he looked in a game.

"I don't look ahead at all," he answered. "But I pay most particular and careful attention to the *quality* of the next move."

Trying to look far ahead in the game of life is an exceedingly dangerous and self-defeating trick. But any situation in which we find ourselves, whether it be in one of the multifarious activities of the war, or working on the sidelines, can be made rich with future promise by paying attention to the *quality* of our doings—their effect in building strength, insight, and vision in ourselves, and in creating patterns of fellowship with others.

Maginot Line Psychology

The contrast between the attempt to force the future and the adventure of creating it has been exemplified in the last few years in two instances of epic sweep and force.

It has been said that one of the most demoralizing influences in French life before the war was the universal passion for security. Enormous numbers of people

came to wish, before everything else, to be able to carry through a predetermined, orderly plan of life—in effect, to play providence in their own interests. They did not ask for more than a modest competence, but they wanted to be quite certain of getting it. One result was a tremendous rush for governmental jobs, which carried an iron-clad tenure and a sure prospect of a pension, and whose returns, although not dazzling, appeared at least secure. It built up an ingrowing conservatism which made men cling to safe and familiar ways, and discouraged creative adventuring. It was both the cause and the effect of a profound lack of confidence, which spread like a disease throughout the body politic, and determined the actions and attitudes of millions of individuals. And its supreme expression was the famous Maginot Line, the world's chief and costliest symbol of all safe and prudent ways, and all attempts to make the future behave according to our present specifications and desires. There was a nation-wide refusal to face the hard but indubitable truth that we control the future only by creating it. The French were like the man in the parable who thought to tear down his barns and build larger ones, and who congratulated his soul on its security, only to be mocked by God.

Twenty-one miles away across the narrow seas another and most starkly contrasting drama was being played out to its unforeseeable denouement. In June of 1940 the prospects for England looked desperate indeed

—how desperate we are only now beginning to realize. Prudent and presumably well-informed French generals were informing their government that within three weeks England would have her neck wrung like a chicken. If her leaders had done no more than sit down and make calculations—if they had acted on the predictable future—it is to be supposed that they would have made the best terms possible with the enemy, and retired from the fight. But they decided to act in terms of a deep instinct as to what their own integrity demanded, and on what they owed to themselves and to the world; and the people followed them. The English believed their Prime Minister when he told them in sublime words, that constancy and valor were their only shield—words all of us would do well to heed today. What was to come, none could foresee. How could they know that the air attack would be broken, that an invasion which would almost surely have destroyed them would be foiled, that mighty allies would before too long be ranged beside them? The Germans thought their decision to face enormous odds contrary to reason itself. And it was contrary to a reason centering upon material rather than spiritual values. But in that hour the nation took its destiny in its hand, and created a future with what amazing results we are now only beginning to perceive.

The world is a vale of tears; so let us build ourselves the snuggest and safest haven we can. There is the fatal

Maginot Line psychology, which seems so prudent, and is really so disastrous. The world is a vale of soul-making, and all life an adventure in self-fulfillment. That is the creative alternative.

Jesus once told his disciples to take no thought for the morrow—to dismiss anxiety about what they should eat, what they should wear, how they should live. The words have an extraordinary appositeness today. We are drafted into the army, and wonder whether the old job will be there when we come back, or whether we will be able to find another. We go into war work to make a living, but we know that some day it will end. What then? Our tires are wearing out, and we cannot for the life of us see how we are to get on without a car. We use the best prudence we have, but with sinking hearts. We try to plan, but always with a foreboding that it will do no good. Feebly we endeavor to build little Maginot Lines, but they have a dreadfully flimsy look. Can we really accept, and live in terms of those amazing words? Can we really take no thought for the morrow? Can one take such advice seriously?

Yes, if we understand it rightly! Few of the utterances of Jesus have been less comprehended. One rarely hears it expounded or preached about, perhaps for the reason that people find it so extreme that they simply don't know what to make of it. And when it is discussed, the usual tack is to tone it down, to explain it away as due to special circumstances and so forth, or as not really

meaning what it seems to mean, although it is certainly explicit enough. As a matter of fact it contains supreme and brilliant common sense, whose application in these days of uncertainty literally stares us in the face. Jesus was not preaching any impossible asceticism, or saying that the ordinary concerns of life do not matter. For in the very same context he also declared, in effect, that the man who sets his heart on spiritual goals will find material goods added to him also. This is precisely and exactly true. And so we may accept the injunction at its face value, as presumably it was intended.

It has become the fashion to smile sophisticated smiles at tales with happy endings, in which virtue wins a material reward. Just why the notion should be found amusing is not entirely clear; for if virtue and wisdom mean living for the fulfillment and enrichment of personality in ourselves and others, it is precisely the right way of creating a future which we cannot foresee, but which will satisfy us nevertheless. This much-derided doctrine is far more than a plot-theme for escapist movies and naive moral tales. Its constant repetition shows how deeply the human heart believes it. It runs all through the moral teachings of both Judaism and Christianity. The Psalmist was proclaiming it when he said that the righteous man "shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of water, that bringeth forth his fruit in his season; his leaf also shall not wither; and all that he doeth shall prosper. The ungodly are not so, but are

like the chaff which the wind driveth away." If one may dare to torture this noble poetry into our harsher modern idiom, it means what has been said many times already in these pages, that an investment in personality is the richest and most promising any man can make.

"Consider the lilies of the field!" They do not worry about tomorrow's happenings. It is enough that they fulfill themselves today. Both the lilies of the field, and men and women also, create the future by so doing. If the stresses and uncertainties of these war days can teach us this lesson more perfectly, we shall not only surmount their challenge and have our hearts armed against their threat, but also we shall be better and stronger and wiser all our lives.

Morale

How To Achieve Good Morale

Another valuable outcome of our wartime philosophy is that it shows us how to achieve good morale.

We know what makes morale. The first and most important condition is an undertaking to which one devotes oneself whole-heartedly, which one feels as part of oneself, in which one "expresses" oneself, and through which one grows. A few years ago experts at the Graduate School of Business Administration of Harvard University undertook a reorganization at a near-by factory. Familiar efficiency methods were being used—close supervision, timed units of work, exact routines—but things were not going very well. The girl operatives were disgruntled and irritable; there was a high turnover; and output did not seem up to standard. The investigators took a group of these people for experimentation, and put them to work in a room set aside for the purpose. They did their same old jobs, but under

different conditions. Ample light and air were provided, the tempo was individualized, and although strong incentives to do their best remained in force, the nagging supervision was eliminated and individual help and direction were substituted. This was no more than the start of the experiment, but its effects were very striking. The emotional atmosphere cleared up immediately, there was a surge of enthusiasm, and production rose something like fifty per cent. This is a most interesting and instructive case. The task itself remained the same, but the human factor in the situation was given proper consideration. The girls were able to feel that the job was not a mere routine but something interesting to do, and that they themselves were not machines but people; and it made all the difference in the world.

Then there is a second factor, less absolutely essential, but still very important. This is helpfulness and encouragement from others. A whole series of very convincing experiments have centered upon this point. It has been quite definitely shown that one tends to apply oneself more enthusiastically and to work more effectively on a job if one knows that others are doing it too. And if, beyond mere collaboration, there is a spirit of mutual encouragement, helpfulness, and appreciation, the favorable effect is greatly increased.

These findings, of which I have given only the barest summary and which have been confirmed again and

again in a great many ways, are of the greatest practical value. Those responsible for handling and directing others—army officers, industrial executives, office managers, senior air-raid wardens, chairwomen of volunteer sewing circles and work groups—should understand that wisdom and desirability of always treating people as human beings. We do not get the best results by exploiting people for the sake of the job. Such a policy always tends to break down morale; and efficiency goes out of the window with it. People work most happily and co-operatively and with the least strain, and also get the best results when first their undertaking is set up in such a way that they can apply themselves to it as persons, and second when others about them treat them as persons. The effects of this policy are very striking indeed. High pay, welfare services, recreational opportunities, bonus systems are no substitute for it. Morale is not produced by coaxing, or coddling, or fine speeches, but by centering on the human factor in the situation.

However, this book is not concerned with morale as produced by good executive management, except in so far as most of what we know about the subject has been discovered in this field. Rather it has to do with our personal morale, for which you and I as individuals are responsible, and which is obviously of the very greatest importance for all of us today. And the findings which apply to the managerial problem apply to this problem

also. There are two rules for achieving a good personal morale.

1. Give yourself to the undertaking before you wholeheartedly and without reservation, determining to find and fulfill yourself in it, and to learn and grow because of it.

2. Look for opportunities to deal with others on a basis of constructive mutual helpfulness—on a basis of fellowship as we have come to understand this term. Sharing your morale, and getting it reflected back by those about you is the best possible way of improving and sustaining it.

To show how these two rules work out, let us take a bouquet of varied examples, some from immediate war-time problems, and some not.

A man goes into the army—grudgingly. He hates to leave his civilian pursuits. His promising career has been disrupted, and he resents it. He is hag-ridden by homesickness for his family and friends. He isolates himself just as much as he can from the men about him. So far as he is concerned, they are just so much annoyingly animated lumber, not human beings; and he objects to the way they look and talk, and to their manners and goings on. The whole routine irks him unspeakably, and he finds it all meaningless, alien to himself, and pointless. A good and sympathetic officer may be able to help him out. Or the U.S.O. may get hold of him. But the answer is not a few movies, comforts, and conces-

sions. What he needs is a thorough reorientation, and this he really should be able to manage for himself. Half an hour's quiet reflection ought to do the job. It is not the situation itself that is the trouble. He is suffering from the twin curses of aimlessness and loneliness, but they haunt him only because he insists upon them. The things he has to do may be very different from what he was used to; but is he really ready to admit that if he can't stay in one particular groove he is a lost soul? The men around him seem strange and rough and crude and coarse. But can there be no excitement and interest in finding out what a variety of human creatures the world contains, and in getting next to a few unfamiliar specimens?

A mother is doing her morning's housework, and being teased by a fractious child. This perhaps merges into a managerial problem, but it is illuminating just the same, and can help us to see how our two rules apply. The little darling keeps up a continual stream of complaints. Nothing seems to suit him. He loses one toy, smashes another, and yells with disappointment at a third. He never ceases to pester for this and that, and as soon as one wish is granted, another takes its place. Steadily the mother's exasperation grows. In her agitation she drops a vase which she was washing, and it shatters to pieces along with her composure. While trying with knitted brows and trembling hands to pacify him, her nostrils are invaded by an ominous smell, and

she rushes to the kitchen to find a room full of smoke and a pie reduced to ashes. Finally she can bear it no longer; she relieves herself by giving him a good smacking, and, to the accompaniment of his howls, retires to take aspirin and to contemplate the ruin of her morning. Later on her husband returns to an agitated family and a spoiled meal. It is quite a bad day's work for all concerned, particularly in times when a good family morale is more important than usual.

How do our two rules work out? The good lady has set up her whole job on a wrong basis. She has presumably seen it in non-human terms—a neat house and a stint of work put through on time. The human beings concerned, who really should have been the primary consideration, have been subordinated as means to these ends. Motherhood is more important than housework, and a husband is likely to get the most out of a home where human happiness is exalted above tidiness. The whole job needs to be reset on a new policy—a policy based on human fulfillment rather than external results.

Here is a man working in a business which seems to be fading out in the change-over to a war economy. He is the father of a family, and the specter of unemployment is with him every waking hour and haunts his dreams. With his boss he alternates between cringing and snarling, and despises himself for both. He has no appetite for his meals, and sits at home wrapped in a fog of gloom, refusing to give his family more than

ominous hints of what they may expect. At night he lies awake for hours, conjuring up one bogey after another, each more shattering than the last. And he rises in the morning, heavy-eyed and irritable, thoroughly unequal to the challenges and contacts of the day.

This is undeniably a tough spot, and one that very properly commands sympathy. But still the conditions of morale are clear. He is facing unemployment? Very well then, the very first thing to do is to *face* it. There positively can be constructive values in it. The search for another job, the careful, planful canvassing of the whole situation, the search for new potentialities in himself, the consideration of ways and means of creating them—all this suggests a definite and absorbing scheme of positive action. And the second thing is not to face the situation alone—not to shut others out of the problem. His whole family has an interest in the matter, and may very possibly be able to help towards a solution. And it is not looking on the bright side of things too much to believe that they have a chance and a challenge to pull together and to back one another up.

Here is a stenographer immersed in a love affair with a married man. She does nothing but dream and moon. While gulping down the cup of coffee which is all she can endure for breakfast, she snaps fiercely at her mother. On the bus ride downtown she is carried three blocks past her destination because she is so taken up with composing what she will say to him and he to her

when next they meet. The sound of his voice breaks in upon the dictation her boss is giving her. His face looms fondly between her and her machine. She has to retype the same material three times over, which does not help anything. In the privacy of her room she concocts letters which, to the dispassionate eye, look like something created in a lunatic asylum; and she sheds tears at their nobility and tenderness. Nothing about her seems real or important, for all her energies are absorbed in her infatuation. Certainly another picture of bad morale.

And what is wrong with it? Personal values—of a kind—are certainly involved. But they are frustrating and limited ones. They involve a web of evasions and falsehoods which the slightest accident—a misplaced letter, a rash word, an unexpected encounter—can rip to pieces. She is trying to play chess with life, a game which all the ingenuity of a Talleyrand could scarcely win. Can she share her experience with others, tell them about it, elicit their sympathy and encouragement? Only by taking a risk, only by committing treason. That in itself should be an indication. (She probably *will* just the same, so strong is our human longing and need for moral support.) Obviously the right thing is to substitute wisdom for cleverness, instead of determining to be still more slick about telephone calls, letters, assignations, and all the paraphernalia of illicit love, which simply lead deeper and deeper into a morass of destructive emotionality. What of the man in the case? What of his wife

and children? What of her own family and friends? She cannot strike at any of them without striking at herself. It is this wrong and limited personal orientation that is the direct cause of her defective morale.

Or again, here is a woman who has lost her son or her husband or her lover in the war, and is sunk and drowned in grief. She goes through life in a daze. Her thoughts are riveted to the tragedy, and never leave it. Ordinary occupations are meaningless. Everyday contacts are unbearable. The things which used to please her, now give her nothing but pain, and she will not try to find substitutes. Her friends seek to break through the barrier, but she repulses them. All that matters to her is her loss, and she clutches it to her heart. She drifts without aim or purpose upon the waves of a very dark sea.

No one with any heart or any sense of responsibility will wish to intrude into such dark and secret places. And yet . . . Life is what counts. That is the truth in terms of which we must learn to face death, our own and that of those dear to us. It is no loyalty to the departed to let their loss destroy us. When they lived, and loved us, it was for our upbuilding. Why should we repudiate all their giving when they are gone? We have heard the music, and now it has faded from our ears. Should we mourn? Yes! But should we not also go on living in the inspiration of its sweetness and its power? What we have had has gone to our own mak-

ing. Those who have loved us, and whom we have loved, possess part of their immortality in our hearts. And so, to face our tasks with a stronger spirit and to deal with those around us with a warmer humanity is our true loyalty to those who have gone before us to explore the shadow.

We Set Our Own Problems

The instances just discussed are all case studies of bad personal morale. They could, of course, be multiplied indefinitely; but no more are necessary to bring out the essential principles involved. Notice that all of them, and innumerable others similar to them, have one central thing in common. People fall into the predicament of bad morale because their emotions take charge. Their behavior is dominated by emotion. Indeed, it becomes equivalent to emotion. It is *angry* behavior, or *worried* behavior, or *fearful* behavior, or *grieved* behavior—never *rational* behavior. It is the sort of behavior which takes place when one reacts to a situation or a problem either with no plan at all, or else with a quite inadequate one which ignores the human factors involved.

Analogies between human and mechanical processes are always limited, and easily become misleading; but it is not illegitimate to compare the experience of a man dominated and mastered by feeling to what happens in a machine shop when a main drive-belt breaks. The motor, suddenly released from its load, speeds up and is apt to be ruined. The broken belt flies wildly about

like a destructive missile. And the orderly routine of work stops.

In just the same way fear, anger, overwhelming grief, and too-absorbing love are all phenomena of misdirected, in-co-ordinated energy. It is most important to understand that their origin is not in the circumstances which confront us, but in our own personalities. This is what makes them disastrous, but also it furnishes the proper clue for dealing with them. *There is no situation which, in and of itself, is or can be angering, or terrifying, or infatuating, or grieving.* It is we, who through misdirection, allow ourselves to become victims of anger, or fear, or infatuation, or grief. Any situation has many aspects, and everything depends upon which we select and respond to. Everything depends on what we see in a situation and make of it.

A badly disorganized person can be defeated and made miserable by what ought to be the simplest and easiest of problems, because he concentrates upon the destructive aspects of them. To give just one of innumerable possible instances, we have the case of a woman who was literally hag-ridden by fear that her house might catch fire. Before going to bed at night she would spend as much as an hour checking over every possible—and impossible—risk and danger. Then, in a very short time, she would begin to worry, and would feel compelled to come downstairs again, and to repeat the whole business. This would happen over and over again each night.

Loss of sleep impaired her health, and she made both herself and her family miserable. Since she was a pathological case, direct reasoning had little effect. She recognized the force of the argument, knew what she was doing was foolish, but could not control her fear. All her energies were being poured into an emotional response, and she persisted in making molehills into terrifying mountains, and in trying to climb them.

Here is an instance on the other side. I know a certain man who is beset by the most appalling misfortunes. A few years ago his wife died of cancer, leaving him quite alone in the world. His small business seems to be vanishing like a stream in the sands of the desert. His health is far from good. If any human being has anything to worry about, he certainly is that man. Yet he manages, on the whole, to preserve an astonishing cheerfulness. He is almost always optimistic, almost always hopeful. He goes ahead with his life as though all its problems had the weight of so many feathers, and as though he had some secret guarantee of the ultimate success of all his doings. Instead of making molehills out of mountains, he turns mountains into molehills. And what makes him able to do so is that he is fortunate enough to have an occupation which fascinates him, which he loves, and which is the perfect expression and projection of himself, even though it brings him very little money. He has directed his psychological energies

so that little or none are left over to be dissipated into emotionalism.

The contrast between this pair is surely most instructive. The woman has nothing to worry about, but still she worries. The man seems to have almost everything to worry about, but hardly worries at all. Many people nowadays are greatly impressed by the vast scale of events, the tremendous power of the storm. They have a vision of themselves and everybody else as helpless chips bobbing along on a torrent. All very fine! All very well! But there is quite another point of view, at least as legitimate. The tremendous adaptability and resiliency of human nature is being demonstrated in a fashion just as impressive. People in scores of bombed cities, under restrictions, deprivations, and uncertainties far more onerous than ours are now, or probably ever will be—yes, and in slave-operated factories and prison camps too—are proving to the hilt what every student of mankind has always known, namely that every situation has many aspects, and that what it does to us depends on which one we select and center on. I predict that when the intimate story of this war comes to be better known, much will be told that will make us proud to be human. It might not be a bad idea for all of us in this country to determine to add our own little quota to the epic. Courage and fellowship can wrest a good morale from even the harshest of circumstances.

This is not to recommend a blind and stupid opti-

mism, or to deny that reality can be tough and refractory. But the point is that *our problems are exactly as big as we make them, and not one whit larger or smaller.* It will assuredly do us no harm to discover that seemingly impossible loads can be carried, or that lions in the path whose appearance scares us half to death usually turn out to be tied when we walk straight up to them. There is no prospect in this world before which we need collapse. We do so only when vital energy is misdirected, when it explodes into emotion, rather than expressing itself in intelligent and constructive action.

Distrust Unharnessed Emotion

On the other hand, nothing that has been said should be taken to suggest that the best way to live is to face all our problems like calculating machines, without any feeling at all. The literature of mental illness actually records a few such cases—of people whose emotions had simply vanished, who felt neither liking nor disliking, neither hope nor fear, neither love nor hate. But none of them were normal or effective individuals. For all of us feeling is an essential and very valuable constituent of life.

But there is a very profound and essential difference between harnessed and unharnessed emotion. The man who is going into the army may be so worried and disgruntled that he is of little use to himself or to anyone else; or he may use this self-same emotional energy to

rise to the hurdle, and to discover that his power of surmounting obstacles, and indeed of capitalizing on them, is far greater than he had thought. The man who fears the loss of his job may be so overwhelmed with dread that he becomes a mere blot; or he can use his very fear as a powerful incentive to study and prepare himself for other kinds of occupation, to make contacts, to take his family into his confidence so that all may plan together. The mental state of the woman who grows more and more irritated by her complaining child reminds one of a spring which is being drawn tighter and tighter. Force is being built up, which may discharge itself in slapping the child and flying into a tantrum, or in reorganizing the basic arrangements which are making the trouble. The girl who finds herself becoming dangerously involved in a dead-end love-affair can use the very strength of her feeling as an impetus to take herself in hand and straighten matters out, instead of letting it drive her deeper and deeper into confusion. Even grief itself can be a springboard from which one can take off to a creative reorientation, and a new sense of purpose and of work to be done. The point is that wherever emotion exists, there also is force. Force, as James Watt discovered, may blow up teakettles. But it also runs trains. Which it does depends on us.

Emotions are forces. This is why we should *always distrust unharnessed emotion*. Regard it as a danger sign. It is like gasoline accumulated in the bilges of a

motor boat—a peril to everybody, and a sure indication of something amiss. There are plenty of times when you will find yourself growing irritable, or peevish, or gloomy, or angry, or full of fear, or worried. This always means force going to waste, and to something worse than waste. The energy which should be building morale is destroying it. The drive which should be taking you over obstacles is throwing you into them. It means that you are not properly hooked up to the job, and not properly teamed up with other people. Do not give way to the khamsin of feeling. Treat it as a warning. Look yourself and your situation over. There is no mystery about what you need. It is reorientation towards your undertakings and towards other people. Use the drive which threatens to blow the lid off as the means of achieving it.

THE CYCLE OF PERSONAL
RELATIONSHIPS

Marriage in War Time

The War and Marriage

The impact of the war upon marriage does not, so far as I can see, create any brand new problems. Rather it intensifies and dramatizes those which have always existed. Novel issues, novel circumstances aplenty certainly arise; but the root of the matter remains the same. The eternal issues of marriage, on which so much of our weal or woe depends, are only being dressed up in new forms, and presented to us in fresh and startling ways. So here, as everywhere else in our personal lives, the war comes to us both as a challenge and an opportunity. Constructive solutions are both more urgent and more repaying than in ordinary times; but I doubt if they are harder to achieve. Failures are more disastrous; but we may well have a better chance to avoid them. Simply because the whole proposition stands forth in a new light, and is embodied in new terms, it should be possible for both husbands and wives, and for those who

contemplate marriage, to be clearer about the proper direction to follow, and to choose and act more wisely.

Should we marry now, when everything is so uncertain, and when one of us may have to go away to war, or wait for better times? Should we stick to our engagement in spirit as well as in form, or hope that the swift tides of present circumstance may bring us better prospective partners? What will happen to our marriage if the wife gets a job, if the husband must enter the armed services, if both of us have to move to some new and perhaps very distasteful environment? Is this a good time to get rid of a marriage which has gone stale, or can we reconstitute it? These are a few of the questions people are asking themselves today. All of them are old ones. The only new thing about them is that the war enters into them, and gives them an added emphasis and poignancy.

Of course a whole large book could be given entirely to the subject, and even then without exhausting it. The questions I have just framed, not to mention dozens of others that are being raised in people's minds, cover a tremendous territory. But they all come back to a single central point. In order to make a success of marriage, either in war time or peace time, the great necessity is to understand the essential nature of the relationship, the essential obligation and promise it contains. And this can be quite simply and briefly put.

Creative Adventure

The first and absolutely essential condition of a successful marriage is to regard it as a creative and continuing adventure. The more wholeheartedly and unreservedly both parties to it accept this point of view, the better the chances that things will go well. Conversely, a rejection of it is probably the most prolific single cause of failure.

Here is an illustration of the contrary attitude. Some little time ago a young woman friend of mine did me the honor to confide in me her notions about matrimony, and her opinions of various men who had interested her in this connection. I listened with fascination, and learned a great deal. She had felt considerable affection and regard for almost all these men, although in most cases the sentiment had faded out, or else had been violently eradicated. But each one of them had some fatal defect, which seemed to her to make him quite impossible as a mate. Bill had a charming disposition, but he was six inches shorter than she, and two years younger. George was reliable and devoted, but his serious-mindedness was unbearable, and he had no notion of play. Tom was excellent company, but altogether too selfish and inclined to insist on his own way, and to become peevish when he failed to get it. As she went on and on, blithely mowing down the prospects, it became very evident that she cherished a vague but exacting vision of a perfect

human being, an ideal male, custom-built to her individual order, and that she was approaching the whole problem of marriage with a very rigid set of predetermined specifications.

Now the prospect of building a successful married life on any such basis is exceedingly remote. It is simply one way of trying to force the future. I have a suspicion that if my young friend ever marries she will do so in a fit of something not unlike hysteria, with every rational criterion thrown to the winds. But even if she goes at it with the utmost in cool judgment—even if she writes out a list of her requirements and checks them off one by one against the gentleman's qualifications—she is almost certain to find that she has deceived herself. A fish which appears charming as it swims in the water looks very different flapping in the bottom of the boat.

A refusal to marry simply because one cannot see just how things will turn out, and because there seem to be some possible obstacles and difficulties, is a refusal based on error. This is true at all times. It is true even in the extreme cases which are arising today, when a couple wonder whether they should marry when the man is soon going away to war, or must change his occupation. In the same way, a decision to marry because everything looks cut and dried is a decision based on error. Never is everything cut and dried. Marriage changes both the man and the woman, and also their relationship. Difficulties will most certainly occur, but not the difficulties

they anticipate. Things will look differently to them once the step is taken, and will keep right on changing. Precautions and prudent little plans—vacations from each other, always trying to have something to chat about, budgetary arrangements, and so on—which look to them extremely wise before the event, are apt to seem extremely silly afterwards. The existence or absence of certain mutual interests will take on quite a different aspect and importance. The truth is that every marriage is a bet on the future—a bet that a man and a woman will be able to work out a pattern of mutual fulfillment and fellowship, their own pattern, a unique pattern, a pattern which will change them both, an unforeseeable pattern. A bet? Does not this sound very risky? On the contrary, a bet based on a sincere sense of immediate personal values is a far wiser way of facing the future than any niggling and mole-minded prudence.

But, to return to my young lady friend and her precautions and exactions, is there not a way out for her? Might she not abate a few of her requirements, accept somebody who seemed less than perfect, and then try to make him over after the ceremony? No! Why should he be made over? Even Almighty God permits human beings the exercise of free will, and for a woman to take upon herself superdivine prerogatives might seem a thought presumptuous. Nor would the answer be to say that even though imperfections exist, adjustment will take care of them later on. That formula will not work,

because adjustment implies some fixed standard, and if anything is certain it is that when two people marry both will change as the years pass. Moreover both these ideas—making over and adjustment—suggest reluctance, a grudging spirit, a half-unwilling willingness to take half a loaf if it seems that the alternative may be no bread, and to put up with a poor bargain in the hope that perhaps one may manage to improve it a little as time goes on.

One blessed effect that war has on many a marriage is that it decisively knocks out these two notions. Any girl who thinks she will be able to do much making over to her specifications when her young husband gets back from a couple of years' fighting needs to have her head examined. Yet she need not be scared out, for all of that. For he and she can still fulfill themselves in one another.

Also, in these days of stress and change many a marriage which has been dying on its feet from too much adjustment may have the breath of life breathed into it again. Here is a couple who have been jogging along together for perhaps five, perhaps ten, years. The wife has never been any too satisfied with the husband, and has never stopped trying to remold him closer to the heart's desire, and the poor man has responded as well as he could. Just because it is a relationship in which, to some real extent, one party has been trying to exploit the other, a poison has been working in it, and much of its

vitality has fled. But now comes a change, a temporary parting of the ways, or else a radically new life for both. It is a chance to begin again the process of mutual learning, mutual fulfillment which is altogether different from making over, and which should never have been abandoned.

For the master word is creation, not adjustment. There is only one proper and promising way to approach or continue marriage, and that is to see it as a relationship which commits both man and woman to generosity, not haggling—to mutual learning, to mutual unforeseeable fulfillment. This does not mean that people can afford to rush into it heedlessly, now or at any other time; but probably even this is no worse than the wrong kind of caution. An over-cautious marriage can just as easily be disastrous as an over-rash one. Neither momentary intoxication nor mathematical prudence is the answer. If people are to succeed with marriage, they need to see it as a relationship in which free personalities come together for mutual service and the enrichment that it brings. They welcome and love one another as they really are in their own right, and come to discover themselves and each other more completely as the years pass. Each may be aware of weaknesses, limitations, and defects in the other; but these are not regarded as weeds to be eradicated by brutal force and stern discouragement, but as opportunities for solicitude and mutual help. Neither assumes a perfection which gives him or

her the right to play the monitor, but rather in all humility seeks to shoulder part of the other's burdens, and find self-fulfillment in so doing. How things will go, in what terms the unity emerging step by step will establish itself, they cannot foresee; nor do they greatly wish to predetermine its course. It is enough that service is being rendered and benefits exchanged from day to day. A marriage so conceived and so achieved is as truly a creative work as a symphony in which two melodies, mediocre and trivial when heard alone, become magnificent in juxtaposition.

Adventure in Courage and Fellowship

Again, when two people marry, they are committing themselves to an adventure in fellowship, and this they need to understand. Indeed, at the very beginning they tell each other so publicly, in most eloquent, moving, and specific language, in the promises they exchange in the marriage ceremony itself. In that ceremony nothing is said about what each has a right to expect to get from the other; but most impressive things are said about what each must expect to do for the other. Each of them undertakes to serve, help, and uphold the other in all the triumphs, trials and vicissitudes of life. The essential meaning of the relationship is made almost overwhelmingly clear. It is a relationship in which each undertakes to further and promote the other's well-being as a per-

son, and to make possible for him or her a richer and more satisfying destiny than could be achieved alone.

Reduced to its very lowest terms, this is the only conception that makes sense. For no sound human relationship, and above all no successful marriage, can be achieved if its rationale is the satisfaction of the self-regarding impulses of its individual members. Attempts to operate on any such policy are bound in one way or another to prove self-defeating. Is there, after all, any good reason why any woman should allow herself to be exploited by some man? Is there any good reason why a man should allow himself to be exploited by some woman? Surely none at all. But there are excellent reasons why a woman should wish to help and be helped by a man, and *vice versa*.

Failure to understand the simple truth that marriage is a relationship of mutual help, an adventure in fellowship, is the cause of all sorts of demoralizing mistakes. Here is a couple who marry in a fine glow of enthusiasm and mutual love. Within a very few years each of them is beginning secretly to ask: What am I getting out of all this? The man finds certain qualities and deficiencies in the girl of which he had not been aware, and which gravely disappoint him. The girl learns with surprise and disgruntlement that her husband resists all efforts to make him over according to her ideas. Each had foreseen a way of life together, many details of which are not forthcoming. The girl is either so very sociable that

the house is continually filled with company, or so unsociable that they seem to have no friends at all. The man likes to putter around his home in his free time, whereas his young wife supposed that she was getting a companion for bridge, golf, and numerous parties. Both begin to develop a sense of grievance. Their home becomes a place of more or less concealed heart-burning and regret, instead of a focal center of strength, peace, and serenity. They begin to wonder whether their marriage was not, after all, a great mistake, and to consider dissolving it and running off in quest of other partners. Clearly they are in danger of losing something very precious, and for this they can thank themselves. What they should be asking is not: Am I getting what I expected from my partner? Rather it is: Am I managing to be of constructive benefit to him or her? How can I do so better and more wisely? How can we together face our common problems, and by strengthening each other, turn them into benefits?

This idea, that marriage is a relationship whose values center upon mutual helpfulness, upbuilding, and fulfillment—a relation of mutual fellowship—is the principle to keep in mind in dealing with a whole wide range of issues which arise even in easier times, but which are much more frequent today. During the war many married people, whether they wish it or not, will have to accept long periods of separation. Wives are more apt to be thrown in with other men, husbands more apt to

be associated with other women. Many such problems are sure to arise. What should one make of them?

The conventional answer, of course, has always been that such situations are unfortunate and to be avoided as far as possible. There is some sense in it. It is what might be called the line of average safety, backed up by long experience. But after all, only a rickety structure needs a scaffolding. It is by no means a disaster that nowadays many couples must get on without these convenient, sometimes helpful but often debilitating, aids and crutches. Many married people are limiting themselves and each other by too much reliance upon them. Their whole relationship can be refreshed if they will but learn to add freedom and trust to the gift of love. Then there are those whose marriage is so vital and fulfilling that it becomes almost too exclusive too soon, not because of convention, but out of the mutual wish of husband and wife. They like each other so much better than anyone else in the world that they hardly want anybody else. Perhaps even for them enforced absence and novel contacts may be a not unhelpful discipline. They have learned a great lesson supremely well. But that lesson can always be still better learned.

Furthermore, people who marry commit themselves to an adventure in courage. It is not an easy undertaking. It is sure to involve many challenges, many difficulties, many daunting problems. But indeed this is one of the many reasons why it is repaying, not because diffi-

culty as such is good for us, but because no worth-while constructive solution can ever be easily had. Some there are who shrink from marriage simply and solely because they are afraid of it. It threatens their ease, their comfort, their security, their independence. The homes of their freinds seem to them troubled and tumultuous places, filled with a round of unappetizing drudgery, and plagued with continual nagging problems. Why, they ask themselves, should any free and independent person tie himself or herself by the leg to any such drab enterprise? Better keep out. Better not listen to the siren voice of romance, which has decoyed so many of the unwary to the rocks and quicksands. And so, when opportunity knocks, although they may have some faint intimation that this is not the whole story, and for a moment have a sense of some great value in danger of being lost, they refuse, and select what seems the easier path.

Today, of course, people contemplating marriage have to meet many quite special challenges to courage. What if the man will soon be going away to war? Are they wise to carry through with their plans? Might it not be more prudent to wait and see? Here, as always, no one can dare to legislate for individual cases; but our point of view and philosophy indicates a principle of choice. Rashness and heedlessness no one can recommend. But it is never a good thing for people to run away from problems simply because they are difficult. They cannot

see their way through these problems at the outset? Very true. But then this is always so with life. Neither of them really know what they will be getting into if they marry? True again. But then, who ever does? Marriage is essentially creative, unforeseeable; and one's best chance of success with it is to accept it precisely on these terms. As a general principle, prudence gone wrong—prudence based on an over-anxious attempt to foresee the future—is apt to do more harm to a human being, and to make failure more probable than a forthright willingness to accept adventure. If two people really wish to undertake the great enterprise of fashioning a joint life together, even under the handicaps and difficulties which arise today, anyone who discourages them takes a grave responsibility.

We should always remind ourselves that there is an inevitable penalty exacted of those who shirk the challenges of life. It is a penalty of self-diminution. Maginot lines, both physical and spiritual, are delusive safeguards, because they encourage men to cower until they can no longer stand erect. We do not fulfill ourselves by fleeing from challenges, but by meeting them. And so, while no doubt there may be good reasons why this person or that, in this or that special set of circumstances, may decide against marriage, mere dread of difficulties is not one of them.

I know a woman who married a man about ten years younger than herself—a man who, as she well knew, had

been somewhat of a wastrel. Surely she was taking upon herself no small problem. But she did so consciously. She was sure that he had great possibilities and powers, and an essential goodness. She did not set herself to dictate to him, or to force him to conform to her own notions. She entered with sympathy into his various concerns and interests, built up his courage and self-confidence, and found innumerable ways to serve him. She has her reward. Make no mistake about that. No one who knows her can doubt it. The courage with which she faced a great issue, to flee from which she would have considered an essential surrender, has made her strong. She has a calm, a fortitude, a wisdom, a control which shine from her like a light.

I know another girl who has had almost innumerable offers of marriage, many of them of the most promising kind. If she could not build a good life with some of the men concerned, one feels that she could not do so with anybody. But, often after long shilly-shally, she has refused them all. Always she has an excuse. But the true reason can be put in one word—cowardice. She would have to meet new challenges, new adventures. And she does not want adventures. She has her own little Maginot Line behind which she huddles with grim determination not to move. She too has her reward. She lives comfortably. She is surrounded by pretty possessions. A whole procession of acquaintances marches through her life. She need consider no one but herself.

And each year she is visibly becoming a less satisfactory and a less happy person—less serene, less sure, less good to herself and others.

Adventure in Self-Discovery

Again, two people who marry commit themselves to an adventure in self-discovery—an adventure in education in the broadest sense of the word. Marriage calls for continuous learning. In it one learns one's own powers, proclivities, and limitations, and also learns to know and enter into spiritual relationships with another, both at the same time. Above all, marriage is a school of life and its most fundamental values; and a willingness to go to school all one's days is a precondition of success with it.

Two of my best and most admired friends are a married couple in which the man is more than thirty years older than the wife. They have made of their relationship a most harmonious and rewarding success. And they have done so by learning true wisdom—by finding out what counts and what does not. They face with the utmost courage, calm, and realism the fact that when the husband has become an old man the wife will still be in her middle years. Also they reckon with the still more dismaying thought that his death will probably occur long before hers. They plan and shape their lives to deal with these emergencies. With the husband's encouragement and help the wife has taken her college degree, and has prepared herself for independ-

ent work in the world. They do not try to foresee and predetermine the unforeseeable; but they stand together against almost inevitable eventualities. And above all, they seek to extract every drop of sweetness and refreshment from each passing moment, to enrich their companionship at every turn, and to avoid every jarring note, because there hangs over them the constant presage that the time is short. They have had to unlearn many of the lessons of conventional prudence. But they have come to see more clearly than most that in mutual service and mutual self-fulfillment lie the true values both of marriage and of human life.

Again, I know another couple where the wife is the bread-winner, while the husband stays at home and does the housework. There is something almost shocking about this, to ordinary ways of thinking. Yet they have made a good life together on these terms. But they did not achieve it without self-education and self-discovery. Many a conventional prejudice, many a fixed idea, much false pride had to be discarded. It was necessary for them to find out how each was best fitted to serve the other, and also to perceive that in such mutual help is the key to success.

Ordinarily, of course, these would strike us as unusually difficult cases; but such problems are no more exacting than many which people must face today. And there is always one central issue which should be raised, and which is decisive. A young couple wonder if they

should get married when the man must soon go away to war. The question they should ask themselves is this: Are they willing to learn? An already married couple are dismayed when an abrupt change of occupation or living conditions confronts them. Can they face it without disaster? Yes—if they are willing to learn. A man and wife with whom things have not been going very well wonder whether this may not be a good moment to seek a divorce. Not unless they are unwilling to start learning on a new basis. Learning will not be easy. It will often be discouraging. But nothing can ever be won without endeavor; and to shirk a great lesson is to deny oneself a great reward.

It is often suggested that a couple can make a success of marriage by various small devices and maneuvers—taking a vacation from each other, keeping up outside interests, being careful about personal appearance, avoiding irritating habits, and so on. I have said almost nothing about all this in the present chapter, not because there is nothing to it, but because little things can never be anything but little. These are not the essential lessons on which marriage depends. Unless they are the expressions of much bigger things, they will never add up to much. We cannot build a great relationship by picayune tricks, devices, and techniques. It is often said that unless trifles receive attention, a marriage is apt to go to pieces, just as a dyke collapses if a tiny leak is allowed to go unheeded. But marriage is not in the least like a

dyke. It is a vital, growing relationship, or nothing at all; and like all things with a strong and healthy principle of life, it has a marvelous power to heal its own injuries.

Wordsworth caught and fixed the whole conception of marriage as a creative adventure, an adventure in courage, fellowship, self-fulfillment, and mutual self-discovery, in what always seems to me one of the most mature and serenely lucid of love poems.

"She was a phantom of delight
 When first she gleam'd upon my sight;
 A lovely apparition, sent
 To be a moment's ornament:
 Her eyes as stars of twilight fair;
 Like twilight's, too, her dusky hair;
 But all things else about her drawn
 From May-time and the cheerful dawn;
 A dancing shape, an image gay,
 To haunt, to startle, and waylay.

"I saw her upon nearer view,
 A spirit, yet a woman too!
 Her household motions light and free
 And steps of virgin-liberty;
 A countenance in which did meet
 Sweet records, promises as sweet;
 A creature not too bright or good
 For human nature's daily food,
 For transient sorrows, simple wiles,
 Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears, and smiles.

And now I see with eye serene
The very pulse of the machine;
A being drawing thoughtful breath,
A traveller between life and death:
The reason firm, the temperate will,
Endurance, foresight, strength, and skill;
A perfect woman, nobly plann'd
To warn, to comfort, and command;
And yet a Spirit still, and bright
With something of angelic light."

Parenthood in War Time

Adventure Renewed

It was July of 1940. A great and appalling issue was impending. Would the Germans invade England? The American public held its breath, awaiting the outcome. A man and his wife in this country had English relatives living in one of the London suburbs; and so their anxiety was peculiarly personal and acute. They could not, they felt, sit quiescent doing nothing at all. Perhaps there was some help they could offer. So they wrote asking that the two young children of the family, Bill and Sally, be sent to them, and saying that it would be a privilege to give them a home in safety and security.

Here is part of the reply they received: "We warmly appreciate your offer, but we are refusing it, just the same. We have all of us talked it over, including Bill and Sally, and we all feel that it is not the thing to do, in spite of your kindness. If the children left us now, we might never see them again. The country may be in-

vaded, although we hope and believe not. But even if it is, we prefer to go through with it together, no matter how hard things may be." They refused, that is to say, to compromise or repudiate the adventure of parenthood, even for the sake of avoiding a great and imminent prospective risk.

For if marriage itself is an adventure in courage and fellowship, in mutual self-fulfillment and upbuilding, then that adventure is begun again, and renewed on an ampler scale and with richer values, though still on the same terms, when children come. What should our children mean to us? What should we try to do for them? What is the central point of our obligation towards them? To provide them with the best food, clothing, housing, medical care, schooling, and facilities for enjoying themselves that we can manage? Most Americans are ready and willing to do all this. But taken alone it is not enough. One thing is still lacking—the most essential thing of all. We must love and serve our children as human persons, we must draw them into a pattern of mutual getting and giving, of mutual fellowship, or we have failed in a duty which counts for more than anything else. This is exactly how the English family saw it in the hour of crisis. Disaster might come. The whole basis of their physical existence might be swept away. But still they could face it. The one thing which outweighed everything else—the one thing they refused

to sacrifice—was the spiritual integrity and togetherness of their family life.

Very few of us will have to face any such terrible alternative. We shall have our difficulties and problems. We may not be able to give our children as many material benefits or as easy a start in life as we had hoped. We may not, for a time, be able to maintain a home for them; and it may be necessary to send them away to school, or to live with relatives. But our parenthood itself can still remain intact. Indeed it can be made even brighter, wiser, more effective, and more constructive because of these very difficulties.

How this may be done the letter from England at least hints. But another example may serve to make it clearer. I know a family which, long before the war, went through some bad financial reverses. Arrangements had to be made for the young son which he found very irksome. If they had been simply imposed upon him with the thought that a child must take what he gets and has no right to question, he would certainly have been bewildered and resentful at the time, and might have held a permanent grudge. But, very wisely, his father and mother took him into full confidence. The whole situation, with its causes and effects, was placed before him, as something he had every right to understand. Moreover, he was asked to offer his own suggestions. At once he was anxious to help and co-operate in every way he could. One or two rather juvenile proposals

that he made were not very helpful; but his attitude was. It was an extraordinarily constructive example of parenthood succeeding under difficulties. From that day on his father and mother have meant more to him, and he has meant more to them, than would have been possible if he had simply been placed under unexplained or partially explained orders, no matter how necessary or reasonable. The policy of treating him as a human being won out.

This is just what the English parents did. They took young Bill and Sally into their confidence, made them partners in the situation, reached a joint decision in which all four people shared and whose consequences all of them accepted. In doing so they converted the very threat into an opportunity; and we may be sure that all four of them gained from it something of life-long value.

All of us can follow the same policy, and reap the same reward. If our children have to give up a summer camp, or forego a much desired pleasure, or leave a congenial school, they should see the necessity just as clearly as we do. Their opinions and judgments should be asked for, considered, and respected. In this way a material retrenchment can be made into a family advance. If they have to go to live with relatives they don't much like, the reasons should be made as evident to them as possible. And they should be given every chance and encouragement to think the matter over, and to adjust themselves to perhaps rather distasteful difficulties as in-

telligently and considerately as possible. They should feel, not that they are being forced into a situation by somebody's arbitrary decision, but that they are accepting it as the best way out for all concerned. They will respond! Instead of having an "all gone" sensation of having lost their parents, they will know that they are helping them. Their father and mother will mean far more to them as real human beings struggling with circumstances and needing to be upheld while also giving help, than as inexplicable forces, no matter how benevolent.

But should not children be kept aloof from the trials and pressures of the world and the war? Should not they be protected? Should not they be shielded? Never behind Maginot lines! Of course a great deal depends upon how old they are. Of course, too, a child should not be worried, or made to feel that his whole world is on the verge of going to pieces. But he won't be worried by a serene and courageous discussion of problems common to the family in a manner suited to his understanding, or by finding that he himself has a responsible share in them. Concealment, evasion, an atmosphere of fear and dread, a sudden arbitrary move—these are far more disturbing. Life faced courageously with those we love is not what injures people, young or old. On the contrary, it is the most potent cause of strength and confidence. One of the amazing phenomena of these times is the serenity of children during air attacks—so long as

their parents stay serene and let them share in all decisions. We can carry them along through the moral blitz as well. What we need to do is to remember that parenthood, now and in easier times also, is an adventure in fellowship, an adventure in helpfulness, an adventure in living with and encouraging a growing human being.

Philosophy of Parenthood

Clearly we have here a whole philosophy of parenthood, a special aspect of the general doctrine presented in this book. The child is in this world to grow, not only physically, but also in personal and spiritual stature. This is what everybody is here for; but with the child it is supremely obvious. And the job of the parent is to help him do so. The special emergencies of war time, in which the child can share, are special opportunities to apply this philosophy, specially cogent challenges to the parent to understand it. But also it carries far beyond them. To discuss all, or nearly all its implications in any limited space is quite impossible. But some of them are worth pointing out.

It is a very common thing for parents to be amazed and baffled, even dismayed and pained, at the proclivities of their offspring. They are, let us say, enthusiastic golfers; and they look forward to the pleasure of teaching him the game and playing it with him, and to the enjoyment he himself will get out of it. But their well-intentioned efforts fail. As each year passes he more and

more decisively rejects them, and insists on taking up stamp-collecting, in which they have not the slightest interest. Or they are socially very conservative people, and they expect the same of him. At first he seems to conform; and his deviations are so slight that they call only for joking, or perhaps some slight reprimand. But there seems to arise in him a strange, almost fatalistic resistance which may distress him almost as much as it does them, but which nothing can overcome. He turns into a radical before their very eyes, and cultivates friends and takes part in doings which they think repulsive. Perhaps the most tragic of all such cases are those where the child first insulates himself from and later on rejects the religious convictions which his parents hold precious, and which they try by every possible means to implant in him as the very best they have to give.

All such parental attitudes stem from a profound mistake which, if persisted in too long and strenuously, may lead to tragedy. We cannot force our own gifts, our own values, upon a child, no matter how precious we may deem them. We may struggle to do so with a pathetic persistence, and a love turned into tormenting anxiety and bitter grief. We can warp and twist our child's whole life, and weaken him profoundly for the rest of his days. We can infect our whole relationship to him with a corrosive poison whose baneful effects will never be overcome. Like medieval purveyors of circus freaks,

we can encase him in a rigid and unyielding spiritual framework so that he develops a deformed and distorted selfhood. But one thing we can never do. We can never negate the inner law of his own growth. We can help it towards a better fulfillment; or we can force it from its sweet and normal unfolding.

But if we do the latter, we shall surely lose the fruitfulness our fellowship should bring, and so will he. For he, like ourselves, is a person. He must establish himself in his own way, not in ours. Only in these terms can we serve him. We can strengthen him; but we cannot shape him, and the less we try to, the wiser we shall be. We can support him. We can let him know, through direct and repeated experience, that he can always turn to us whenever he wishes to do so. We can give him confidence for living. We can help him to choose more wisely, and with a broader sweep of alternative than he could achieve alone. But ultimately he, not we, must do the choosing.

This is by all means the right policy; and it should be welcome. Why can't it be a good thing for golf fiends to have a stamp enthusiast in the house? Why can't a pair of staid conservatives benefit from the frenzies of a youthful radical, set themselves not to crush him but to modify his crudenesses, and in teaching him something learn something from him too? Is it not possible that a child who turns away from his parents' religion may reveal to them more of the true essence of their

own beliefs? We should rejoice to see our child become courageously himself, even though he may not fulfill one iota of our fondest expectations. Just as music is made richer by dissonance, so fellowship between parent and child takes on added meaning and fascination for both because each finds and follows his own way. This is the course by which to steer if we wish to know all the richness, the variety, and the revelation of living with a growing child, and if we wish to aid him towards that self-fulfillment which we should covet for him.

Or again, parents often believe that it is their duty to train or condition their child to certain standards and ways of acting acceptable to and expected of adults. Tommy is frightfully untidy, he is rude to little girls, he gets his clothes into a filthy mess, and he never seems to have the least notion of when meal-times come. Mary is so shy that it hurts, she keeps her room in a continual mess, and never helps around the house if she can dodge out of it. What is to be done with such kids? They might grow up that way! How ruinous! They must learn better habits immediately if not sooner. Well, try to change them! It is an incredibly uphill job. The child resists and rebels as if the devil were in him. He obeys in slow motion when he dare not or cannot flatly refuse. And if the anxious parent has eyes in his head, he will quickly see that continual evasion is going on, and that the moment pressure is relaxed, nature rushes in and swamps the sand-castles so painfully built up. The child

is civil, and neat, and punctual, and honest—after a fashion—so long as the parent stands over him. But the moment he is free he reverts to a most disconcerting and barbaric selfhood.

All such endeavors are love's labor lost. Children are not in the world to be little ladies and gentlemen. They are in the world to grow. Their development from babyhood to adulthood is the sloughing off of a whole series of ways, manners, outlooks, feelings and proclivities which have served them well up to a point, but which are discarded like the chrysalis from which the butterfly emerges when the time is ripe. Politeness, neatness, punctuality, honesty, and every other virtue must be expressions of a child's unique and inner self, or they are the hollowest and most worthless of shams. He must grow into them, rather than being trained into them, if he is to achieve them at all. And he will do so, if he grows aright. Help him to live well as a child. Help him to choose more wisely and to fulfill his own purposes more completely and to deal with others better than he could without your aid. Then the future will take care of itself. Above all, do not weaken or impair the liaison which binds you to him and him to you by any anxious insistence upon predetermined results. Mutual fellowship and mutual confidence between you and your child are worth far more than any habits you can possibly ingrain in him, and promise far better things for the future of you both.

The complementary error is that of bringing up a child in the setting of what might be called negative liberty. By this I mean the deliberate policy of letting him do whatever he likes and leaving him alone as much as possible. It is justified by talk about "respect for the personality of the child," and so forth, which is all very well when properly understood, but can be simply an alibi for parental laziness and self-indulgence. A child does not grow personally, emotionally, spiritually, by doing his lessons, or spending his pocket money, or keeping his room in order, or dealing with any other situation merely according to whim. He grows by seeing and respecting a convincing reason for whatever choice he makes. Our only right to control him depends upon just one thing—our ability to see further into his problems than he can himself, because we have lived longer. To be sure, this does not carry so very far. Our wisdom is not great enough to give us any right to play providence. In any case our whole method of control should tend towards making him understand for himself why certain choices are bad and others good—why it isn't a good idea to squander every penny he has on something that will only last a day, or to leave his things scattered all over the house. But also we have no right to abdicate. As one watches some parents handling their children it often looks as though the older folks are taking a good deal for granted about their own wisdom. They insist on a great deal that doesn't much

matter—hours for rising and going to bed, clothes to be worn, meals to be eaten, parties to be attended or avoided—when very often everyone would be just as well off if things were let alone. But it is undoubtedly true that a grown-up very often can distinguish essentials from unessentials and foresee consequences better than a child. To this extent he should control, because to this extent wisdom really does dwell in him.

People agree so very enthusiastically with the proposition that a child should not be allowed to do just what he likes that I am inclined hastily to qualify it. Whims can certainly be treacherous guides. But mere restrictions can be still worse ones. If I had to bet on the future development of two children, one left entirely to himself to make his own choices and find his own way, the other badgered, dominated, and “conditioned” at every turn, my money would certainly go on the former. I would expect to find him doing some pretty odd and erratic things—reading detective stories at one A.M., making airplane models instead of studying algebra, eating peculiar and disastrous combinations of food. I certainly would not consider it an ideal way to rear him. But at least he would be learning to choose, although he might kill himself in the process. He would be growing up into his own kind of person, though perhaps with some avoidable twists and distortions. All this time the worthy preceptors of the other child would be busy trying to teach him lack of confidence and do-

cility. He might manage to resist these baneful good influences. Plenty of youngsters do! But his upbringing would be aimed at weakness, not strength.

The very fact that a child wants to do something is a strong and valid *prima facie* argument for allowing—nay encouraging—him to do it. Part of the fine art of parenthood consists in getting him to want the right things. Consider again the English family of whom I have told. The children *wanted* to stay with their parents through thick and thin instead of coming to America and safety. This was their wish because the whole situation was presented to them and discussed with them. It was just the kind of reasoned choice on which personal growth depends. There is nothing impossible about getting a child to *want* to co-operate, or to help out, to do his work, to eat the right kind of food. It is not done by nagging, or preaching, or putting something over. He will know very well when something is put over. It is done by laying the cards on the table, sharing the problem with him, and giving him a right to make up his own mind, which includes the right to say no. And how much more valuable to him and all concerned is a constructive action performed by his own choice than one forced upon him!

It is sometimes said that a child must be trained to bear hardness and difficulty later on by frequently having his wishes snubbed now. This is a peculiarly idiotic argument. Deliberately to plan misfortunes seems about

as silly a trick as anyone can well imagine. According to this we should all have renounced our cars some time back to get used to the tire shortage, or a child should be given pneumonia right away so that he can be prepared for serious sicknesses when he is older. Surely it seems as though the best preparation for future stress and strain is sturdy and well-rounded growth. But there is more to it than this. We should not wish our children to learn endurance. We should wish them to learn something very different—courage. We should not wish them to learn merely that the world is a grim and nasty place, but rather how to rise to emergencies. A child who takes a load of responsibility for a sick mother, or who tries to be as helpful and considerate as he can when he goes to live with his grandparents for the duration, or who gets himself a little summer job because he knows the family income is reduced and he wants to help out, is not being hardened. The very notion is outrageous. But he *is* being strengthened. He is learning, not endurance, but courage—reasoned action aimed at the personal well-being of himself and others.

Again it is said that children must not be allowed to do as they please because they must learn to subordinate themselves to others. This also is precisely wrong. What they should learn is the vastly different and far greater lesson of fellowship with others. Every family difficulty and problem connected with this war is an opportunity to teach them just that very thing. Perhaps because the

problems and challenges are so new and strange some of us may be jolted out of our conventional way of thinking that children can only be humble followers, and will find how much they can contribute and how good it is for them to do so—and for their parents too.

Holding Your Child's Love

The way to solve the parental problems created by this war is to draw children, as persons in their own right, into patterns of fellowship and mutual giving. Moreover this is the universally right pattern of family life, both during and after the war. It is the right way to hold our children's love, which is the supreme success of parenthood.

The love of a child for his parents may begin with instinct. But very soon it comes to depend more and more on conscious and wise dealings. The very thought that we cannot take it for granted may seem shocking; but such happens to be the case. I know a boy who was forced to do chores because his father and mother thought it would be good discipline for him. There was not the slightest necessity, and he knew it perfectly well. They had a hard time compelling him, but they stuck to it, sometimes penalizing him, sometimes appealing to his "better nature" and begging him to be a "good son." It was all very well meant. They wanted him to learn, and so he did—but something very different from what they expected. The chief thing he has gotten out

of it is a life-long grudge. I know a woman who told me that when she was a child her mother worked on her for days, with fervid appeals, to give away a doll she valued. At last she succumbed, as a child is almost bound to do, and the mother was full of holy joy at her little daughter's self-sacrificing virtue. But from that day on she has never quite found it in her heart to forgive. I know a man who, in his boyhood in England, was sent to a cheap school which he loathed and detested. He wrote piteous letters begging to be taken away, but it was no use. As a matter of fact the family was going through a time of great difficulty and stringency, and some adjustment had to be made about the youngster. But it was never explained to him, and he had absolutely no voice in the decision. He was only exhorted to be good, to be brave, to bear hardness. Today he understands his parents' problem, and forgives them in his mind. But still a scar remains.

As you value your child's love, do not take it for granted. You can build and strengthen it, even in the most difficult situations which this war can bring. Help him to come to know you as a person, not merely as a parent. Share with him your problems of finance, fatigue, and emergency. Treat him as a person, and more and more he will treat you in the same way. At first he will love you chiefly because you do things for him; but more and more he will come to love you because he can do things for you. Remember always that any free gift

of helpfulness and kindness which he offers is worth far more to both of you than all the forced labor you can exact. Help your child to find himself, and to find you in so doing.

This is what makes the family tie an agency for strength and self-confidence rather than a fetter or a drag. It turns on establishing self-imposed instead of parent-imposed limitations. All too often parents try to dictate to their children what companions they shall seek or avoid, what occupations they shall enter, where they shall live; and they assume to solve family problems arbitrarily and without the co-operative understanding of the children who are also concerned in them. Such policies are disastrous and destructive, and undermine love itself. A child must learn the lesson of freedom, courage, and fellowship by making his own choices and finding his own way. All we can do is to stand by him, to let him know that he can rely on us to the uttermost, and to give him what little added wisdom lies within our power. And when his way is not our way, and his strength is not our strength, we should nevertheless rejoice that he has found a strength and a way of his own.

You may be very sure of this: You will never lose what you wisely give your child. The very act of giving, guided by understanding sympathy, is itself repaying, enlarging, enlightening. He, too, will make a thousand-fold return by having learned from you the great lesson

of fellowship, and by sharing with you the unique and independent selfhood you have helped him to achieve. Thus you command his love. And when you are gone, some spiritual fragrance which was part of your own self will live on in him, to bless his children too.

Friendship in War Time

Friendship as a Policy

This war is sure to bring to a great many of us a kaleidoscopic range of new and often strange human contacts. When we enter the armed forces, or find a place in some service organization, or go to work in a war factory, or take up our abode in one of the new boom towns, we are apt to find ourselves side by side with people of a type which so far has existed for us only in the movies, or of whose very existence we have hardly dreamed. What we make of it all depends chiefly on ourselves. Some of us, no doubt, look forward with dread to the personal relationships we shall have to accept in the army, or the war industries, or as civilian defense workers, and what not, and even consider them the most unpleasant part of an unpleasant but unavoidable duty. This is certainly a very great pity, for it simply means that we are allowing ourselves to be distressed and harmed without any necessity. Others will do a

little bit better. They will put up with an unwelcome situation, set their teeth, and see it through, limiting themselves as far as possible to mere shoulder-rubbing, and not going out of their way in the least to cultivate anything more significant. But neither is this particularly constructive. If we are wise we shall cash in on the opportunities so abruptly thrust upon us by making the cultivation of friendship a deliberate policy.

To talk about making the cultivation of friendship a matter of policy may suggest rather cold-blooded and calculating tactics. Surely, one might think, it is bound to be, indeed ought to be, a matter of sentiment, and individual preference. I am going to be thrown in with a lot of strangers most of whom I shall not care about in the least, and some of whom I shall heartily detest. Perhaps, with luck, I shall find one or two more or less kindred spirits. Is not that how friendship actually establishes itself, and moreover how it should establish itself? No, this is by no manner of means the whole story. Such an attitude and way of looking at things is far from entirely wise or wholly necessary.

I know a man who, after many years as a laboratory scientist, has been put in charge of a unit in one of the new war organizations. He accepted the job as a duty, and knew perfectly well that it would involve all kinds of human contacts which, in prospect, he didn't much relish. He would have to give up research, in which he was passionately interested, and he was none too happy

about it. But he deliberately made it his business to become personally acquainted with all the workers in his office, even including the most subordinate. It has taken considerable time and energy. But he also has very considerable rewards. He has a most enthusiastic, loyal, and effective staff. They like him and he likes them. In one or two cases he has established what promise to be profound and enduring relationships. And the experience has had on him a transforming and enlarging effect so great that his former existence as somewhat of a recluse seems almost unbelievable.

This man made a deliberate policy of friendship. He simply went out of his way to cultivate other people, without any ulterior motives. He did not leave his personal relationships to mere chance circumstances, or to his whims. And he found out clearly what friendship should mean. Of course it involves sentiment and liking; but sentiment and liking are not the essence of the matter. To possess a friend is to have part of another self in one's own life, and part of one's own self in another life. It means that we have come close enough, and affected one another with sufficient intimacy so that both of us are in some measure changed. I come to see the world to some extent through the eyes of my friend, and he comes to see it through mine. I come to appreciate and share his scheme of values, and to be influenced measurably by his angle of approach to human life and its problems.

One of the most striking illustrations of this point that I have ever encountered was that of a very warm and lasting friendship between a Protestant clergyman and a big-shot gambler. A more unlikely Damon and Pythias it would be hard to imagine. Usually such men regard each other as a strange and alien breed of cats. But not these two! They don't try to convert one another; but they enjoy each other's company, talk over each other's problems, and—as I happen to know—set a very high value on the relationship. Each has discovered that the other fellow is human. Each has discovered that there are more things in human nature than are dreamed of in any introverted philosophy. And each has become more human in so doing.

Now that, I suggest, is the essence of friendship. It is, of course, what makes it fascinating and valuable. Friendship opens our eyes to the infinite variety of human nature, and reciprocally to the fundamental kinship which unites us all. There is nothing more interesting or repaying than to gain a real, sympathetic insight into another human life.

Why not make this cultivation and understanding of other people a deliberate policy as we face new relationships and contacts? Why not decide deliberately to try to get more out of it and to bring more to it all than mere shoulder-rubbing? The policy will sometimes fail? Undoubtedly! No human being is wise or big-hearted enough to be able to come to terms with everyone he

meets. We shall not get very far with a good many people? True once more. But even a little distance counts for something. And in any case there is all the contrast imaginable between leaving friendship to luck or whim or preference, and making its cultivation an intelligent and conscious goal determined by an awareness of its value and a belief in its possibility.

So we need not be too down-hearted at the thought of all the new kinds of people we must meet, all the strange personal contacts we must accept. All these people have something to offer, and so have we; and we can all of us benefit by sharing it. Moreover if we follow this policy in the new situations we are now facing, and which so obviously call for it, perhaps we shall become more wise about our old and long-standing friendships, and be able to create new values in them too.

Deserving Our Friends

The basis of that policy must be that we gain friends not so much by winning them as by deserving them. It is perhaps natural enough for a person who is going to team up with a group of strangers who may seem rather formidable to think first of all of trying to cajole them, to get them to like him, to make them think him a good fellow or do him various and sundry favors. He wants to become popular, and he goes about it by a variety of tricks, ranging all the way from buying drinks and slapping people on the back to forcing upon them un-

wanted little services and unsolicited sympathy. Strange to say, it will not work very well. Or perhaps, after all, this is not so strange. The basic motive is exploitation. He wants to use them for his own purposes, as tools for his own convenience. And human beings are very sensitive to this kind of insincerity.

We deserve—and so gain—friends by willingness to share ourselves with them on their own terms, and to be of help to them in terms of their own need. If this willingness is the genuine article it needs very little advertising. I have already mentioned Dale Carnegie's suggestion that the best of all methods for making another person like you is simply to encourage him to talk to you about himself. It is far more effective than giving him little presents, or telling him how much you like him, or pointing out what a wonderful individual you yourself are. The only criticism is that the device may be used for ulterior ends simply to work the other fellow for one's own advantage. When this is done, it becomes illegitimate, and also ultimately self-defeating, because such tactics are always found out sooner or later. But properly understood, it exemplifies the true basis of friendship. You give your time, your attention, your sympathy to what the other man has to say. He feels, and rightly, that you have a sincere interest in him and his problems. For you it can be a revelation, and for him it is helpful. Here is an excellent and practical starting point in building good personal relationships. Be

a good listener. Be a good learner. Be willing to make the effort and to take the time required. And from this beginning things can develop, and the same principle can be applied more and more widely.

It is entirely possible to educate oneself in this attitude towards others. One may think oneself very shy, or very unsociable, or feel very limited and insecure. Do not make such notions an alibi for unfriendliness. Perhaps you have only one talent; but that is no reason for burying it in the ground. The story-book Englishman who spends a whole day in a compartment on a train with one fellow-traveler, and never speaks a word, most certainly buries whatever talents for personal relationship, one or more, he may possess. But also the right line is not to force a loud and blatant sociability. A forthputting, out-going attitude, a genuine interest in others is the clearly indicated thing. But it is apt to express itself better in listening more and talking less, and in a certain alertness to give help when others clearly indicate its acceptability rather than in attempts to force unwanted services and favors.

Also the whole attitude on which friendship depends is a very different matter from impertinence; and most people will sense the difference very quickly. The impertinent attitude is essentially the exploitive attitude, instances being propositioning a woman, trying to lure a man into a badger game, or endeavoring to make a convert of a fellow-traveler who has shown not the

slightest interest in us or our ideas. In all such cases it quickly becomes obvious to the veriest simpleton that we are after something for ourselves, and if what we actually get is a slap in the face or a rankling snub, it is no more than our deserts. But to show interest in another human being as a person in his own right, to demonstrate a willingness to sympathize and help—in a word, to offer a gift of part of one's own self to another self—is a very different affair. Here we pass from the realm of impertinence into that of integrity, from the realm of cleverness into that of wisdom. Contacts made in this spirit are not only far more acceptable to the other person, but also far more satisfying, strengthening, and rewarding to both of us. Moreover in such instances the contact itself is all of a piece with what happens afterwards, which is precisely not the case when we have some exploitive aim in mind. When the lady has fallen to our wiles, or the badger game is won, or the convert's scalp is added to our string, what care we? But if we show ourselves friendly, we have struck a spark to the dry stuff of life which may spread into a warming flame. We go on deserving our friend by the self-same policy which first aroused his friendship.

One of the finest illustrations of the point is the schoolmaster hero of James Hilton's novel, *Good-bye, Mr. Chips*. Mr. Chips has a respectable career, but by no means a distinguished one. He spends all his life teaching at an English school of the second rank. When he

first comes to the school as a callow young man he is quite unable to deal with crowds of unruly urchins. But he develops a deep interest in the boys, a devotion to them as human beings rather than as pupils. He regards every personal contact as the possible opening of a long sequence of mutual giving and getting. He watches the boys as they move through the school, follows up their later careers, makes it a point to become acquainted with their own sons when they come to their fathers' *alma mater*. He never accomplishes anything notable in scholarship, and his teaching is little more than the routine repetition of the same old lessons and the same old jokes year after year. He seeks little for himself; but gradually he grows into an institution. When a new and reforming headmaster tries to get rid of him, defenders swarm to the rescue. Before 1914 he has retired; but when, during the first World War, the school is in difficulties, he is the only possible man to take charge. On his deathbed the central meaning of his life is revealed. He is almost gone, and those in the room, thinking him unconscious, remark what a pity it was that he had never had any children of his own. The dying man rouses himself for an instant.

"But I have," he murmurs with a faint smile, "I have . . . hundreds of them . . . all boys . . ."

Chips's life, in short, was a masterpiece of friendship—friendship not based on self-assertion, or toadying, or

sentiment, or chance—but rather friendship made by a deliberate policy, a policy of sympathy, interest in others, and helpfulness.

Barriers, Opportunities, Conditions

It is worth while reminding ourselves that friendships cannot be built on prudential or ulterior motives. Such motives instantly destroy the meaning of the relationship, and substitute a pattern of exploitation for one of mutual service and self-fulfillment. Friendships between different ranks in the army, between boss and employee, or between the very rich and those in moderate circumstances are apt to be difficult for this reason. But they can be extraordinarily valuable and repaying. Indeed their very difficulty makes them so. They constitute the most exacting of all lessons that it is the man himself, and not what he has, that counts. When they are achieved without a thought or a trace of dominance or subordination, of favors to be given or received—and they must be so achieved if they are to exist at all—they are shining triumphs of right and wise living; and they benefit both parties as health-giving safeguards against distorted values. If a high officer has a private soldier as a real friend, if a company executive has one of the office workers as a real friend, if a rich man has a poor man as a real friend, he should not go one step out of his way to do him illegitimate favors. This will be the death of the relationship. But he ought to thank God for it every

day, because it will help to keep him human, and to prevent him from esteeming himself more highly than he should.

Here, too, is the reason why friendships between men and women are both peculiarly exacting and peculiarly rewarding. Men and women have much of spiritual value and insight to offer one another, precisely because of the profound and subtle differences between the masculine and feminine personality and outlook upon life. Such relationships can have an iridescence and fascination all their own, and a potent humanizing effect upon the parties to them. The conventional super-masculine clubman who flocks almost entirely with male society like a primitive savage in the taboo-guarded preserve of the canoe house, and regards all women as prospective wives and mothers or as no better than they ought to be, is a singularly limited being. He has not merely a blind spot, but even a whole blind side, and suffers in himself the deprivation always visited upon those who consider anything human as alien to them.

But while all this is so, friendships between men and women are liable to special risks. The moment the crude sexual motive intrudes itself, and one party or the other starts on a campaign of conquest, all the peculiar and delicate values vanish as though an evil spell had been pronounced. This kind of disaster is not due to an infraction of conventional morality, but comes about simply because an ulterior motive always and obviously

wrecks a personal relationship, which must be disinterested or nothing at all. In times past a special pressure was almost always brought to bear on such friendships, by the suspicion and hostility with which they were regarded, which made it very difficult for the parties concerned to keep the pattern of fellowship intact. Fortunately, however, people are coming more and more to understand that disinterested friendship between men and women is possible; and one of the richest forms of human association is becoming feasible to an extent hardly believable perhaps fifty years ago or less.

Another thing of which it is worth while reminding ourselves in the situations we have to face today is that friendships can be built with people who are not obviously and superficially "of our own kind." There has to be some starting point of common interest and concern; but in the patterns of personal relationship being created by the war this is usually furnished ready made. And it should be used precisely as a starting-point. We begin from where we are, and go on to explore each other's personalities and to understand more and more of each other's needs. A friendship between people of very different social background, wealth, outlook, and temperament can be, and often is, a most valuable relationship for both parties. Ordinarily we are rather restricted in our contacts, rather unadventurous in our personal dealings. It is the easy way to live. But now we have opportunities forced upon us to discover both the divergence

and the sameness of human nature. To get to know men and women who might otherwise and in other times be no more than story-book characters to us can most assuredly be an asset and a revelation.

Nor should we think that our friends must always be very good and admirable people. And it is not necessary for us to believe that they are. Indeed we do far better to treat them with the most complete realism, seeing both their excellences and their defects, and dealing with them as they truly are rather than in terms of some kind of idealized fiction. For friendship is not a relationship based primarily upon emotion. Infatuation is neither its foundation nor its rationale. It is a relationship of mutual giving, of mutual self-fulfillment, and is so definitely and literally dependent on right reason that one should often be able to put down on paper some of the chief benefits received and exchanged in any particular case. This may seem like a brutally abrupt dismissal of sentiment; but it does not deny that, as a matter of fact, emotion has an important place in friendship. Two friends may love each other very dearly, and feel for each other very profoundly. But such feeling is all within a context set by the rational, objective realities of the relationship. Here, as everywhere else in life, unharnessed emotion is a wrecker. When people are drawn together in infatuation they usually part in disgruntlement, after having inflicted on each other diverse wounds. A man is

not my friend because I love him. I love him because he is my friend.

The two things which destroy friendship are, first, any kind of ulterior motive, and second, the attempt to build on a basis of infatuation. These must both be avoided in a policy which aims at its cultivation. It is a bad plan to go into any new and challenging situation wondering chiefly how we can get other people to like us, or how well we shall like them. Liking is an effect, not a primary cause. The right plan is to go into it with the thought that human beings are fascinating, that we can, if we are wise, come to terms with at least some of them and from small beginnings build significant and lasting relationships which can be profoundly beneficial.

Who Shall Be Our Friends?

Every man and woman in this world is our potential friend. The more completely we come to recognize this fact and act upon it, the better we have learned the fundamental lesson of human life. For it means exactly seeing human beings first and foremost as people instead of as masked in prestige or status or official function, or as just plain alien. Every man and woman we pass as we walk along the street, every man or woman or child with whom we have so much as the slightest and most trivial transaction, has his or her own outlook, and interests, and background, and needs, and points of strength and weakness. All of them can potentially mean something

to us, and we to them. Opportunities for fellowship and for friendship are infinite; and today they are thrust upon us whether we will or no. It is strictly up to us how much of this inexhaustible raw material we transform into actual wealth. It lies within our power to achieve our own enrichment or impoverishment.

Friendship, too, can be of many degrees. It can range all the way from a profound life-long attachment to the most casual and passing contact. There is a legend that none of us can have more than a very few first-rate friendships. If so, it is not due to the nature of things, but simply to our own limitations; and these can be overcome. And usually a person who has few close friends also has no minor ones either. For at all levels the relationship is the same. Every constructive transaction between human beings is one between persons as persons, aimed at some measure, however great or however tiny, of self-fulfillment and self-development through a mutuality of service. We should never let ourselves feel perfectly satisfied with any exchange with another human being in which this motive is totally in abeyance. Even in buying something in a dime store I can do something to help or hurt the sales-clerk, even if it be no more than a smile or a frown; and in the same act, to some degree, I enlarge or limit myself. Even in ordering my supper in a restaurant there can be a moment's interchange between myself and the waiter,

as between two travelers through the vale of soul-making.

The very nature, the essential logic of friendship is universalizing rather than restrictive. Anything that tends to limit it—shyness, indifference, snobbishness, jealousy—also falsifies it. For it depends upon a certain attitude towards life, towards others, towards ourselves. It depends upon regarding human personality as the supreme value, the supreme end, the supreme interest. It depends on comprehending that we fulfill ourselves in others, and they in us. Once this viewpoint is accepted, we cannot stop anywhere short of the confines of the world. We cannot limit it to our families, our relatives, or to those with whom we are in close and constant association. All men and women are our potential friends, because all men and women are human personalities. The only limitations come from our own weakness, lack of insight, and distorted values.

Looked at from this standpoint, human life and the human scene take on endless fascination, many-faceted like some great jewel. Always there is more exploring to be done. Always there are more adventures to be had. Always there is more and new enrichment to receive and give. This is the viewpoint to learn today, to carry us through our present emergencies, and to retain when they are passed.

THE CYCLE OF MATERIAL CONCERNS

Material Possessions in War Time

Should America Toughen Up?

Here we are, facing all kinds of material deprivations after years of the greatest material prosperity the world has ever seen. Our cars are going out of operation. The conveniences and appliances which we had taken for granted are not being manufactured. Food and fuel are being rationed. Our incomes are being cut by drastic taxation. The very things which seemed the principal achievements of our American way of life are being abolished. It is a very great and searching moral challenge. What shall we make of it?

Some people seem very sure of the answer. They say that we ought to toughen up, harden up, pull in our belts and like it. A taste of poverty and self-denial will do us a world of good. We had been growing fat, and soft, and self-indulgent. One of the greatest blessings of this war is to teach us the unworthiness of such living.

Now this claim deserves our careful consideration. We

should recognize it for what it is. It is a return to the historic philosophy of asceticism, according to which poverty and hardship have constructive value, because they discipline us and make us strong. During prosperous times that doctrine is never very popular; but it always bobs up in one form or another in periods of stringency. It was preached widely during the middle ages, when a bare livelihood was all most people could expect, and when the obvious thing was to make a virtue of necessity. It has been official doctrine in Germany since 1933, and in Japan for much longer. The young Nazi is told to make himself "tough as leather, hard as Krupp steel," to glory in straitened circumstances, to embrace hardship not only for the well-being of the Fatherland, but as something ennobling and strengthening in itself. For the Japanese soldier honor, service, and poverty go together. These are modern versions of the medieval philosophy of life, according to which a man is bound to have a hard time here below, but will not lack for his reward in Heaven if only he takes it with fortitude and humility—except that the totalitarians leave out Heaven. And now we are being given the same advice.

I do not think we ought to swallow it. I think it is definitely the wrong lesson to be learned from our present experiences. And I have two reasons for so believing.

First, the doctrine of asceticism has never been the doctrine of free men. The feudal serf, the Japanese peas-

ant, the herd man under Hitler may persuade himself that material stringency is good. For one thing, he has no choice. And more importantly, he lives, not to fulfill himself, but to serve masters who find his docility very convenient, and indeed essential to their purposes. So when he loses his butter and gets only guns, his one poor consolation may be to shout hallelujah, and to think it the proper way for men to live. But for us, this is not the answer. We accept our wartime deprivations loyally—nay, eagerly—and even wish them greater. But we accept them as an act of free and conscious choice, made for our own future and for that of the world. This is a very different matter indeed from taking them as dictates of an all-wise providence, sent to teach us that material blessings are bad for our souls.

In the second place, to concentrate on what we are *losing* is exactly the wrong line to take. If we do that, we may avoid grumbling, but the best we shall achieve is resignation. The thing to concentrate on by all means is rather what we have, how we get it, and what we ought to do with it. At the present time almost every gallon of gasoline in New York City is brought here at the risk of seamen's lives—often at the price of their lives and of the bereavement of their families. One should not drive one's car a mile without remembering this. Here is the most dramatic case of all; but of course almost everything we use for our own living is just that much taken away from the war effort—just that much drag on

victory—just that much handicap to some fighting man of ours. We need such things, of course. But they are ours at a price which cannot be measured in dollars, and for a purpose which is neither mere pleasure, nor luxury, nor pride. We have them so that we can live strongly for the winning of the war and the building of the future. On those terms alone we justify our ownership and use of them.

This war is not a calamity like a famine, or an earthquake, or an economic depression which takes things away from us without apparent rhyme or reason. *It does not so much take things from us as ration them to us.* Its lesson is not to regard deprivation as a benefit, but to regard material possessions as a trust, a responsibility, a moral challenge, and to learn to use them well and wisely. And this strikes right down to the very roots of modern living; for it is something we have forgotten.

An Englishman who was in this country during pre-Pearl Harbor days on business connected with the war tells with mingled emotions of his visit to the Middle West. After the deprivations at home it struck him as a land flowing with milk and honey. But what impressed him most was the attitude of the people towards what they had, and toward the values of life. Everything came to a focus in his experience on a certain farm. The farmhouse was steam-heated by an oil-burning furnace, and equipped with electricity for a score of purposes. The barns were models of efficiency and convenience. The

owner drove him into town in a high-powered car with fluid drive, multi-tubed radio, heater, "and, by Jove, even an air-conditioner." And all through the trip the farm-owner did nothing but complain about hard times and annoying restrictions, and predict calamity.

This man was suffering from the most pervasive spiritual malady of the modern world. He was allowing his material possessions to make him a coward. The symptoms of that disease are to be seen on every hand. In France before the war many of the wealthier classes were possessed by a frantic combination of hatred and fear for the radical government, going far beyond any reasoned disagreement with its policies. To mention the Popular Front in certain circles was to provoke explosions of mouth-foaming frenzy; and many men in high position were willing to undermine their country's most vital interests for the sake of sabotaging those in power. The reason was that these statesmen, whether wisely or not, had dared to lay their hands on property. Again, I know an old lady who has great wealth and no dependents. Most of her money is willed to various institutions, and she herself spends perhaps a quarter of her income. Yet she goes in constant preposterous and undignified fear of losing her fortune, and interprets every happening in the world almost entirely in terms of its financial effects upon her. At the other end of the scale are innumerable people in limited and meager circumstances who are continually unnerved by the fear of poverty, and

haunted by the specter of destitution which they see, or think they see, looming in the path ahead.

Unharnessed emotions of this kind are sure and certain symptoms of trouble, of a wrong orientation, a wrong approach to life and its values. And when they are widespread in the world, and affect us also, it is just as urgent a call for immediate diagnosis as when a patient's temperature stands at 103°.

The truth is that we are all participators in—and indeed victims of—a vast experiment in abundance which has only half succeeded. That experiment has reached its peak here in the United States. We dispose of enormously more wealth, more conveniences, more material goods than man has ever had before. The achievement of the past two hundred years has been amazing and momentous. It has given the human race a new status in the world. But spiritually and morally we have simply not kept pace with it. On the social side the great experiment has failed because abundance has been so meagerly distributed and so inequitably shared. And it has poisoned individual attitudes and corrupted our personal philosophy of life. That poisoned attitude, that corrupted philosophy we see in the mid-western farmer, the French capitalist, the miserly old lady, the poor man terrified of future want. All of them—and they are typical of modern man—have made wealth an end in itself, instead of a means towards human ends. Hence their cowardice, hence their slave emotions. They, and in a meas-

ure all of us, have been cheated by the enormous deceitfulness of enormous riches.

What right have I to take that automobile ride, to buy that new suit, that set of gardening tools, those golf clubs? A year ago the question would have seemed silly; but not today. If we are wise, it never will again. Just lacking them will do no good to us or anybody else. Perhaps we are quite justified in having them, but only if their enjoyment builds greater strength and wiser and more effective and purposeful living in ourselves and others. The philosophy of self-fulfillment has nothing in common with asceticism; for we fulfill ourselves in and through material means, and the more of them we have the better—if we use them well. So we should not follow the Nazi example of heaping scorn on riches and comfort and the material goods of life. Self-denial for its own sake does not help one bit. Why should we wish to be “hardened” and “toughened”? Does not this mean becoming calloused to the wants, the needs, and the sufferings of others, and to the limitations we ourselves must accept? Rather we should wish to be braver, kinder, more sensitive to the values of human life and its fulfillment. And instead of concentrating on deprivations, we should think rather of the things we have, and learn to use them for the purposes for which they are granted to us, now and always.

Possessing Our Possessions

The essential lesson is to possess our possessions—to use them for spiritual ends, and for the personal fulfillment of ourselves and others.

An American who was playing host to a Chinese philosopher waxed eloquent over the advantages he gained from his automobile, and particularly about the time it saved him.

"Very interesting," remarked his guest. "And what do you do with the time you save?"

There is something childlike in accepting automobiles, oil-burning furnaces, electric light, and all the justly celebrated conveniences of modern civilization as the ultimate goals of life. We treat them as though they were toys to amuse us, and the world a nursery. What we should ask ourselves every day is what right we have to them, what good they do to us, and what good we do with them. Indeed we should push the question further, and ask ourselves what right we have to the food we eat, the clothes we wear, the houses which shelter us from the weather. What right have we to the bare necessities of physical existence? It is no reply to say that the police will protect us from having them taken from us, so that once we have gained them by the proper legal processes we can do anything we like with them. We earn our right to our material possessions by using them

for those spiritual and human ends which alone make life itself meaningful and worth while.

A man once approached Talleyrand to beg for a job, and talked urgently and at great length.

"I have no job for you," said Talleyrand.

The story was repeated and amplified with many pleas, only to be met with the same reply.

"But," exclaimed the petitioner, "I must live!"

"I don't see the necessity," Talleyrand retorted.

A brutal rejoinder? No doubt! But also a penetrating one. Why must we have the means to live? The doctrine that property is a trust and the owning of it a stewardship has often been applied to men of great wealth. It applies to everybody, even the poorest. A trust for what? A stewardship for what? For the fulfillment of ourselves and others—for the enrichment and strengthening of human personality, which is the ultimate end of life.

When we look at things from this point of view it appears that what matters chiefly is not how much we have but what we do with it. This, surely, was St. Paul's meaning when he said that he had learned both to abound and to suffer loss. He did not mean that he was so tough and hard as to be indifferent to whatever might befall, but rather that he had learned what material things are for.

Let us remember that the profession which has contributed a far larger proportion of distinguished sons

and daughters to America than any other is one of the most meagerly paid among us. The average clergyman's home is a poor home, well below the level of the average skilled laborer's. But it is a home where material goods are possessed, enjoyed, and used for spiritual and human ends. Here is an example well worth considering now that income is being lowered, taxation increased, privations and restrictions imposed. If the prospect and reality of these things turns us into cowards, we are off on the wrong foot morally. The trouble with us has been that we only really possess a small fraction of our possessions. It has been a consolation and a pleasure to have them sitting around; and when they are taken away we feel ourselves lost and ruined. The point is not to make ourselves so hard that we do not care, or so flexibly adaptable that we can accept varied and changing ways without complaint. The lesson to be grasped is that our most essential and ultimate values, upon which we should build, are personal rather than material, and that material things are means, not ends. Perhaps we can learn it best of all when we must do much with little.

Many of my farmer neighbors in the country have little of this world's goods. They raise on their farms a considerable proportion of their food, and the materials for their clothing, and most of their fuel. To city dwellers this may have an idyllic look, and seem to suggest a very enviable security. But the fields are by no manner of means so green as they appear to an outsider. For my

friends pay a heavy price in hard and prolonged toil and no inconsiderable discomfort for what they have. Their cash income is apt to be very low, which blocks them off from many opportunities; and their resources are definitely cramped. But although they may be poor from the standpoint of the tax assessor, most but not all of them manage to live anything but meager lives. They get amazing personal dividends from what they have. Even the work they do together on their own land, which is certainly hard enough, is not in the nature of a mere job, but part and parcel of themselves. They possess their possessions.

Again, the wonderful and touching generosity of the poor has become a proverb, and a true one. People who have very little are apt to put a truer value on it than people who have much. They know that money is for man, not man for money; and they will not willingly see anyone do without.

This, surely, is what we should seek to learn from the deprivations and difficulties of war time. To become tough and hard—what an inhuman, what a disastrous aim! How much better to become kind and brave! To say that material values do not matter—what a repudiation of everything America has stood for! Why not cultivate again the pioneer virtues of squeezing every drop of spiritual fulfillment from our possessions, of sharing the little that we have, so that material things can play their true part of promoting personal values in ourselves

and others? Can't we learn more of what the privilege of owning an automobile should mean as our tires begin to grow thin, more of what an income can really buy as it diminishes? What is required, in a word, is to perceive with clearer vision the true values of life, to reorient ourselves towards material possessions, so that we make them our servants, not our masters. For cowardice, and destructive and unharnessed emotion come from the tyranny of material things.

This is far from meaning that they are to be despised, that it is better or nobler to lack them than to have them, or that we are in any sense wrong when we hope for a richer material future for ourselves and our country, and try to bring it to pass. But, as has already been argued in these pages, this is not best done by a furious concentration upon material gains, without thought of anything else in life—by a scheming prudence which coming events so easily makes ridiculous. We cannot foresee our future. We cannot force it. But we can and do create it. And we do so best and most surely by the upbuilding, strengthening, and enriching of human personality in ourselves and others. And this, again, means possessing our possessions here and now, and using them for personal ends.

There are people in this country who, at this very moment, are trying to build Maginot lines to protect their post-war future. If they can't have business as usual, at least they want it changed as little as possible. They

peer into the mists ahead, and attempt to see how things will break. And they resist whole-hearted co-operation in the war-effort for the sake of playing what seems to them the best bet. This is a kind of madness. For one thing, any weakening of our chances for victory is a blow against self-interest, even on the narrowest calculations. And also predictions in detail about the post-war future are futile, and we ought to have sense enough to see it. A few of those who try this trick will guess right, and we shall probably hear a good deal about them. But about those who guess wrong we shall hear little or nothing, although they are sure to be a hundred, and even a thousand times more numerous.

There is, however, an altogether different and far wiser way of betting on the future. I am in some line of business which is threatened by the shift to war economy. Shall I resist? Shall I try to protect it, with the thought that it will give me a good break when peace returns? Even if I can manage to keep it going, which is doubtful, conditions may be so completely changed that they will ruin me if all my eggs are carefully stowed in this one basket. If I take myself and my affairs completely into the national effort, what then? It may mean hard times now; but they will not kill me. And on the credit side I will make new contacts, gain new insights, get out of ruts, and become aware of opportunities of which I might otherwise never have dreamed. The way to build for an uncertain future is not to make definite

plans and commit myself to them. It is to do with all my might the task which my hand now finds, and to create the one thing sure to serve me well whatever happens—strength in myself.

Living On Our Income

“Annual income, £20. Annual expenditure, £19-19-6. Result, happiness. Annual income, £20. Annual expenditure, £20-0-6. Result, misery.”

So said Mr. Micawber on a famous occasion.

No doubt we are wise to set ourselves to live *on* our income. But we are even more wise to set ourselves to *live* on our income. When we do this the very limitation of that income is a challenge to think our way down to what really matters. Taxes are rising, and prices are going up. We have less money to spend, and what we have is worth less. The question on which to concentrate is not: How much must we give up? It is: How much living, how much growing can we buy? How can we make every penny count towards personal ends for ourselves and others? We shall be amazed to find how much can be done. Our lives have been cluttered with unessentials, with unpossessed possessions. They have been like attic store-rooms full of rarely used junk and lumber, often very pretty and attractive, but doing us no good. It is these things which are the causes of worry, and care, and fear. The man who buried his one talent in the ground must have had plenty of anxiety

about it. He must have returned again and again to the spot to be sure that it was safe, and wakened up nights in a cold sweat for fear some thief had found it. One can guess that he must have been punished many times before his master came back to cast him into outer darkness. The farmer whose grumbling so disconcerted his English guest was bothering himself about a thousand things which did not matter, or mattered at the most as means, not ends. He was cursed with unpossessed possessions. Neither he nor we should be unambitious, or submissive, or resigned. But we should be ambitious for more and fuller life, not for a larger and larger accumulation of the tools of living, many of which we cannot use.

As these words are written the radio breaks in, and a bland voice begins recommending a sale of luxury goods at reduced prices. "Don't deny yourself this luxury . . . don't deny yourself this pleasure . . . you can't afford to be without . . . think how your friends will envy you . . ."

There speaks the spirit of America, the spirit of the modern world. Or does it? Surely not the spirit of the world that is to come! What that world will be like, we do not know. We hope and believe that it will be juster and more humane; and that in it material goods will be used more wisely and perfectly for their proper ends, and wealth turned less to the purposes of display and selfishness and more to the purposes of human libera-

tion and fulfillment. And also it may be a richer world as well. It is because while we are winning this war we should also be building this new world in our hearts, and preparing ourselves for citizenship in it, that the deprivations of the present should teach us neither resentment nor resignation. We should learn from them to use material goods for the sake of human life, so that when again we have an abundance perhaps greater than ever before, we may make a better job of dealing with it.

Our Careers and the War

Why Men Work

It is said that in certain airplane factories, before America entered the war, the men were inclined to be very indifferent and light-hearted about their work. They were young. They were earning better pay than ever before. It was an adventure to be away from home. They had an idea that the whole business would suddenly come to an end, and that they would be out on the street. For the time being they were very much in demand. Why take the job too seriously? Appeals to patriotism were apt to be brushed off as propaganda, and those who fell for them came in for a good deal of ribbing. But after Pearl Harbor there was a change—a new seriousness, a new sense of urgency. What they were doing began to matter. They were supporting the soldiers in the fighting line, and working for their own future too. It was a job into which a man could throw

himself with his whole heart, in which he could find and satisfy himself.

This is a very common experience in America today. Millions of us are finding out what makes work in the world worth doing. The war is teaching us—and in some cases for the first time—what a career should mean.

“Why do men work?
 They work to get enough to eat
 To have the strength
 To work some more to get enough to eat
 To have the strength
 To work some more . . .
 And so on round the ruddy ring o’ roses.”

It seems like a dismal answer, and it is. One of the worst punishment devices of the old-time prison was the treadmill. It was a revolving belt fitted with steps, on which a man climbed endlessly without rising. Its most shattering and demoralizing effect was the sense of complete futility which it produced. The victim could not tell whether he was furnishing power for a machine, or simply toiling against the drag of a brake. The same number of foot-pounds of energy given to breaking stones on the rock pile would have been far less exhausting, because then at least he could see that he was making big ones into little ones. Yet for a great many people their work in the world has been surrounded by the gloomy and depressing fog of an unmitigated treadmill psychology. Some kind of alleviation outside hours was

all that made life worth while. Perhaps this is about the best most of us can achieve so long as we continue to regard the world as a vale of tears. We have to get through it somehow. The ultimate and brutal reason why we work is to get enough food to live out the trials and tribulations of our lot—not the least of which is the work itself. I have called this a reason, but if it is one at all, it is certainly a poor sample. Why go on working at all on such terms? Why even want to live?

But today, even in the midst of inconceivable destruction and catastrophe, a better prospect opens before millions of our people. Suddenly they are aware of a great cause, a great enterprise to which they can devote their energies for a reward far different from and far more repaying than a ration of creature comforts and physical necessities. This, I am convinced, is the chief reason why multitudes welcome a share in the war undertaking, and why other multitudes are so profoundly restless when they cannot find such a share. Patriotism? Yes! Loyalty? Yes! A desire to serve their country and help defeat the foe? Assuredly! But not as external obligations. People see a chance to make their work count for something—something to which they can devote themselves with their whole hearts, and also a chance to experience in that work a new and inspiring togetherness. They see a great adventure in courage and fellowship; and because, deep within them, they have always known that

life itself should be like that, the moral defeatism of the treadmill round seems utterly intolerable.

Many of us, through participation in this war, will have an opportunity to realize what a career in this world should mean—an enterprise in which we fulfill ourselves because we give to it all that is in us, and one in which we stand shoulder to shoulder with others. Some, perhaps, may have to accept for a while at least that harder lesson which Milton learned.

“They also serve who also stand and wait.”

But even for them the familiar round may be touched with a new sense of worthwhileness, of challenge, of contribution, and of sharing. We should tolerate no light-minded optimism in times like these. But it is plain truth that even in the midst of all our storm and darkness there is something shining—a revelation, strangely clear, of what life should be and what its values are.

Creating a Career

But the emergency will pass. The beacon which guides us now will be extinguished; and where will we be then? Many of us will have to try to pick up broken threads and weave them into some sort of pattern. How shall we set about it? The principle by which we should direct ourselves is clear. It has always been valid, and today it is being driven home to us with dramatic force and on a stupendous scale. There is only one construc-

tive approach to a career—to regard it as something we create by finding ourselves and by fellowship with others.

Young people in high school and college are often very much exercised in their minds about what they are going to do in the world, and how they may expect to earn a living. So far as they can see, they are not being fitted for anything in particular. They sigh for some soothsayer who will name the exact job for which they are best adapted, and then go on to show them how to get it. They think that any school worth the money required to run it should know enough to give them just the training first to obtain and then to succeed with such a job. So eagerly do they strain their eyes for some sort of sign pointing towards vocational success that they easily fall victims to all sort of will-o'-the-wisps and fake guides who dish up pseudo-scientific advice which later on proves worse than useless.

Great numbers now passing through the school of this war are in similar case. Soldiers in the army, sailors in the navy, workers in the factories and the governmental agencies wonder where they will go from here when it all comes to an end. Although they may rightly postpone too much anxiety about the problem here and now, they will have to face it some day. The great Commencement will arrive at last, and the world of peacetime careers will stretch before them.

The thing to remember is that specific planning is nearly always a false lead. At no point is the future more

unpredictable and indeterminate than when we are dealing with our future working careers. The United States Census lists from twenty-five to thirty thousand different ways of earning a living, and even this is a moderate estimate. In which of these thirty thousand pigeon-holes a person will find himself in ten or twenty years' time it is quite impossible to say. Worse still from the standpoint of ambitious prophets, he may by that time have invented a brand new pigeon-hole of his own. Ask a group of men in their middle years whether they are now working at the kind of jobs they would have anticipated a decade or two decades ago, and most of them will answer with a laugh. Moreover they could have had no way of telling. Neither tests, nor professional counseling, nor diagnosis of any kind would have given sure and reliable guidance; and the reason is that the individual himself, and his unpredictable initiatives, is the prime cause of his own career. So, while our future work in the world is by all means a matter for serious thought and consideration, we all of us are most unwise to torment ourselves with anxiety because we cannot see just how it will open up and what it will be. We cannot force the future; but we can create it by the quality of present choices and decisions.

And so the answer is to try first and foremost not to find a niche, but to find oneself. One finds oneself in and through one's activities and one's human contacts. In what activities, with what people, is one most at

home? In what activities, with what people, can one most clearly see oneself going on to greater effectiveness and satisfaction? School is a place planned for just such opportunities and discoveries, although it is apt to do its job in a rather narrow and limited way. This great war, although goodness knows it is not planned that way, is also a chance for exploration and self-assessment. Men and women can come out of it knowing themselves better because of the tasks they have performed and the human beings they have come to know.

I am acquainted with a young man who was pretty obviously heading towards a career as a teacher of English literature. He didn't face the prospect squarely, because it didn't please him any too well, but so far as one could foresee his future, that was it. An inner voice kept telling him it was not his kind of job, his kind of life, but he disregarded it because, like so many of us, he could see no other way. He worked in a rather lackadaisical fashion, but kept on just the same. In other words, he was pretty definitely caught, and well into the beginnings of a rut. He was called up in the draft—and rejected because of very poor eyesight! Then his restlessness came to a head and boiled over. He simply pulled out of school, because he could not endure to stay. He went through a course of training, got himself a job in a Diesel engine factory, and is now well on the way towards being a skilled mechanic. He is a changed being. He was rather a neurotic creature, but all of that

has vanished. He is physically improved, well, and happy and self-confident. Work with his hands was just what he needed, and he loves it. How far he will go, no one can say. My personal guess is that he will not for very long remain a mechanic, and that inventive or administrative talents will reveal themselves. Indeed it would be better to say that he will *create* these talents in himself as he goes along, for that is what whole-hearted enthusiasm is apt to do. But in any case, he possesses his future, and he knows it.

I know another young man who is now in the army. He dreaded the idea, and joined up with a sinking heart. He was on the staff of the accounting department of a small-town firm, and had a pretty safe prospect ahead of him. He liked his work, and wanted to go on with it. And he hated to be taken away. But very soon it began to dawn upon him that it was not so bad, and now he is an enthusiast for the military life. He is not in a branch of the service that points very obviously towards any vocation. But he is satisfied just the same. Will he go back to the old job when the war is over? I do not know, and neither does he. But I am quite sure he will not be the same man, and he agrees. He cannot tell where he is heading or what he will do later on; but he is conscious of growth in himself, of enlarging horizons, of an increasing strength and self-confidence. He may have some difficulties for a time when peace arrives; but he will win through. His experience will not

break him or frustrate him. The old safe, smooth, but perhaps rather narrow and unexciting pathway may be closed. But he expects to blaze a pathway of his very own, which may well lead him further, and satisfy him better.

I know yet another man who, a good many years before the war, had been training himself to be a concert pianist. He had a fine talent and worked hard, but when he was through with his studies there seemed very little chance of breaking into the game. He hung around New York for a while, and picked up a few jobs as an accompanist and a teacher. Then he suddenly decided that this was no way to spend his youth, that the years were passing by, and that he was going to get out. He signed up as a deckhand on a freighter trading to the orient. For a year or two he made his way here and there about the world, seeing strange places and meeting most peculiar people. Then he came back to New York, and got a job with a firm of art dealers, and soon was well on the way to becoming an expert. When war broke out—he was sure it was coming—he looked about to see what he could do, and he is now in the intelligence service of the United States. He was one of those rather unusual human beings who have the nerve—and the wisdom—to live adventurously on their own initiative. He now feels that there is nothing in life he cannot face, and very little that he cannot do. If ever there was an illustration that prudent preparation is apt to lead only into

a deepening and narrowing rut, and that following one's own gleam pays, he furnishes it.

The point is this. It does not so much matter *what* we are doing in the world. The vitally important thing is *how well* we are doing it, how enthusiastically we give ourselves to it, how genuinely we feel that it is part of us. We cannot calculate our leads and prospects. But we can and do create them. Of course this principle may make a man simply stay put. I know a young music student who was rejected in the draft for quite serious physical handicaps. He decided to go right on with his school work, not because he foresaw glittering careers for musicians in the post-war period, but simply because he loved it. I think it was a brave and wise decision.

But for most of us the great stirring around, the flood of new experiences and contacts which the war is bringing, can and should be a splendid thing. To regard it as an unmitigated disaster is simply fatuous. Wordsworth has spoken most poignantly of how our hopes and prospects narrow down, and how "the vision splendid" too soon fades into "the light of common day." Life has a most treacherous way of closing in upon us, and before we know it we are between canyon walls too high to scale. It is so easy to settle down, to stop being adventurous, to plod along on a familiar routine. The inner light which we call interest can hardly compete with a fairly safe prospect of three square meals a day.

To take a chance comes to seem more and more impossible. Well, now we have to take a chance! It is a chance to check the hardening of our spiritual arteries, the formation of calcium deposits in our joints. It is a chance to find and to establish ourselves anew.

So the war can teach us not only what work in the world—what a career—should mean, but also how to go about building it. It need not frustrate us. It will only do so if we let it. It is the faint-hearted who are shattered by challenge, emergency, and change. For the courageous they are a tonic and a stimulus. We can come out of this war better able to make better careers, even though we cannot foresee what they will be. We can do so because in this wide sweep of new experience we find ourselves, know ourselves, deal more constructively and variously with others, and build the strength by which we create our future.

Moreover our present experiences can remind us of something which perhaps we have always known yet easily disregard about the long future. It is always obscure. It is always doubtful. To worry about what will happen to us and what we may be doing years hence is always foolish. To mobilize through courage and fellowship the human quality with which to cope with the unforeseeable is always wise. And today this is most manifestly true. We cannot even tell what sort of world it will be when the war is over. Why fret about what individual careers we shall have in it? Rather let us gain

wisdom and strength for living through whole-hearted devotion to the momentous tasks which confront us here and now—strength and wisdom which will enable us to build more satisfying careers and a better world in the days to come.

Service or Reward?

What has been said may seem to cast confusion rather than enlightenment upon an issue which is a very real one to many sincere minds. What should be the motive power back of a good career, service to others or reward for oneself? The answer is—both, and neither! If we regard human personality itself as the supreme and absolute aim of living, we can be neither egotists nor altruists. We have no right to grind down and exploit others for the sake of our own advancement, for they are just as important as we ourselves. But also we have no right to allow them to play the same trick on us, for we are just as important as they. As a matter of fact, either line of action, as a deliberate policy, is stupid and suicidal. A business which ruined itself by doing favors would soon cease to be in a position to give any service at all. In the same way, a business geared only to profits and not at all to the delivery of values would be a racket which sooner or later society would have to extirpate for its own salvation. So also individual human beings bring maximum advantage to others by being most completely themselves. They cannot do this by ignoring the

interests, the rights, the personalities of others. And neither can they do it by ignoring themselves. Violent altruism, and an extreme commitment to service and self-sacrifice can be just as frustrating as violent egotism and a lust for exploitation and private advantages.

Here is an actual instance of a delicate and crucial choice which occurred in the career of a certain man, which opens up the whole issue. The man in question is an individual creative worker of considerable promise and talent. A time arrived when he was urgently invited to take charge of a certain organization. It was pointed out to him that the organization had been going badly, that it represented a cause which he had much at heart, that the staff greatly wanted his services, and that he could put matters to rights. The pressure was almost irresistible, and rightly or wrongly, he succumbed. He did an excellent job. Many people derived very tangible advantages. But it took so much time, energy, and emotional stress and strain that his own creative work went out of the window. How should one evaluate the situation? Up to a point his choice was right. He learned much from his new job. The success he achieved gave him an added self-confidence. He came into very close personal relationships with the staff, and through understanding their viewpoints and proclivities he enlarged his own horizons. His self-development was part and parcel of the whole enterprise and its success; and neither would have been possible

without the other. But now that the organization has been straightened around, he himself has gained just about all he can, and continuation means sacrifice of vital interests. He ought to quit and go ahead on his own type of work as soon as possible, carrying with him much of lasting value which came to him in the nexus of getting and giving which established itself, and he should do so before shades of the prison house begin to fall too darkly.

To clinch this whole topic let us pass in review some of the rewards which are ordinarily supposed to be primary motive forces and central objectives in human careers.

First there is money. To deny its importance would be the acme of unrealism. But to regard it as ultimate would be just as unrealistic. As a matter of fact the best and ablest men do not deliver their best work out of love of money. There is the fun of the job, the thrill of achievement—in other words, the sense of self-expression and self-fulfillment; and these lie much nearer to the center. Even the famous Wall Street buccaneers of a generation back were prone to regard their profits as incidental to the great game of asserting themselves and their prowess. And in any case, it is not usually the money itself which is the prime mover. Few human beings respond like slot machines which will tick only when coins are fed into them. Pay and profits are symbols and opportunities. They are the tangible and visible

evidences of accomplishment, not the accomplishment itself. And they make possible certain amplifications of experience and contact.

Then there is prestige. It is common experience that a man who makes prestige a primary goal and manages to gain a goodly share of it, finds it extraordinarily deceptive. Many people high in business and professional life are the victims of their own reputation. Almost unawares they are swamped with endless calls upon their time and strength, and the principal advantage of their eminent position seems to be a universal lackeydom. Once again, however, prestige is manifestly desirable, but only if it is authentic and remains authentic—if it opens up avenues for interesting and self-fulfilling activity, and for constructive and revealing relationships with others.

Once again there is power. To be in a position to influence the course of events, to affect the lives of many people, and to issue mandatory orders in the voice of Him Who Must Be Obeyed seems to plenty of men the summit of the desirable. And there is no doubt that if power comes as a logical concomitant of personal growth in insight, wisdom, knowledge, skill, and capacity, it is a tremendous psychological tonic. But like all strong stimulants, it is extremely dangerous to those with weak heads; and even the toughest of individuals have been known to succumb to its enticements, with disastrous effects. Napoleon at the time of the Russian campaign

was already a neurotic unable to deal with facts, so deeply was he poisoned by belief in his own infallibility. It is not impossible to think of certain other great illustrations in the world today; and most of us can point to numerous lesser ones. Power over others is admirable and desirable so long as it is an authentic expression of one's own personal power. Otherwise it is the most delusive and betraying of rewards.

Lastly there is leisure. Many a man tells himself that he will direct his career so as to be able to retire at an early age, and then finds that his leisure destroys him. He has grown so tightly into his vocational pigeon-hole that he cannot be dragged out without a death-dealing shock. The truth is that leisure should be part of a career, just as both are part of life. A man who has been finding himself in his work, and growing as a person for many years, does not suddenly discover that he is transformed into a resourceless nonentity when that work comes to an end. He is still a person. He is still the result of all his experiences and contacts; and he can still do something because he has learned above all to regard life as a creative adventure.

This all sums up in the proposition that the rewards of a career can be enjoyed only in a context of personal values. If those personal values have been created—if the career itself has been a process of self-fulfillment—those rewards will not fail. This is neither altruism nor egotism. It involves neither the ideal of service nor self-

ishness in pure and unmodified form. We develop our own unique slant within the nexus of personalities with whom we are in continuous interplay. We serve and gain at the same time. This, surely, is the true meaning of a career in the vale of soul-making.

Chances for Our Children

Children today are a supreme responsibility, because in them lives the future of the world. American parents have always had a deep concern for their children's chances—their material welfare, their careers, their success. But now we are challenged to a wider vision. It is our task and privilege to equip our children not merely for their private benefit and gain, though that remains important too, but to become builders of a better age.

How can we do it? Nowhere does the philosophy presented in these pages more cogently apply. To catch the setting of our task, let us bear two things in mind.

1. The world in which your child will live cannot be foreseen. But it will be different from yours, and above all, an unfinished job. He will have to do his part towards making it. He will have to be a trail-blazer, and it is your responsibility to help him become a good one. This need not in the least mean that he must be a social crusader. Most of the time he may hardly be aware of

what he is at. He will do his bit towards making the new world in the everyday activities of life—in his job, his pleasures, his marriage, his associations with other people. But he will be making it—shaping its customs, its outlooks, its ways of working and playing and earning a living and getting along together—just the same.

2. You cannot tell what sort of place he will have in it. Fifty years back the present-day life of an airplane hostess, or a commercial pilot, or a transoceanic telephone operator, or a radio broadcaster would have been incredible. Things move faster now, and his life and work twenty years hence may well be even more fantastic by present standards.

At least one thing is certain—uncertainty. You must train him for it. Does this seem impossible? It is not. To deal with the strange and the unfamiliar is the particular specialty of the human creature. That is what intelligence, courage, self-confidence, and insight are for. And these are exactly the qualities you should help your child to gain.

Your child's best chance is himself. You cannot force or predetermine his future. He must create it himself, through his own wisdom, insight, strength, and initiative, and through his dealings with others. He must hew out his own citizenship in the new world. His investment in personality is the one that will assuredly pay him well. That investment is first and foremost a responsibility he himself must shoulder. But it is the peril

of parenthood to diminish it, and the privilege of parenthood to enhance it. How can you avoid the former and achieve the latter? Here are five specific points which, taken together, show the right policy for war-time parents.

First, do not keep the war away from him, even if you can. To live through so great a drama unaware is a shocking deprivation, even for a little child. Moreover, it is shaping up the basic responsibility of his whole life. Let him know about it; talk it over with him; encourage him to believe in the ideals of the cause. But do not stop there. Prove to him by your own action that the trials and difficulties all of us, including you and he, must share, can be turned to the ends of nobler living, and can bring a clearer sense of the eternal values. He will be a war child all his days. Be sure that it is a source of moral strength. Do so by giving him his part in all the decisions you must make, the chance to learn courage and fellowship from all emergencies. This is his right, and your great responsibility.

Second, help your child to make all his choices in terms of the widest possible range of alternatives. He can discover what he is good for only by discovering what there is to be good at. The more widely he ranges, the more he finds out of the infinite variety, richness, and fascination of the world about him, the better his chance of finding out also the sort of person he ought to be, and of becoming that sort of person. You yourself

may not be an Admirable Crichton for versatility. But you can certainly plan his life here and now, both for him and with him, in such a way as to provide the widest possible range of contacts and experiences.

This is a universal policy for dealing with a child. Do not make the war an excuse for abandoning it. It is more urgent now than ever. A certain school board member of my acquaintance recently remarked that this is a good time to economize on our children, to deprive them of rich and varied contacts, to bring them up on the cheap. I can only describe it as a damnable heresy. You may not be able to afford for your child all the luxuries and comforts, all the glitter and gewgaws you once had in mind. But perhaps some of these things have been flattering to you rather than beneficial to him. You can furnish only half the dollar values you once expected to provide? Very well—make each dollar's worth count for four times as much. You need not narrow down your child's experiences and contacts because your resources are narrowed down. Range of experience for self-knowledge and for growth, that is the line to follow. The school he goes to, the studies he pursues there, the hobbies he takes up, the books he reads, his entertainments and work and play—all can be planfully organized for this end. And the more he himself shares in the planning, the more he will get from it.

Do not let yourself limit him because of conventional ideas and prejudices. For instance, some parents make a

tremendous fuss about school work and school grades, and ignore almost everything else. But if a child is working at some mechanical pursuit on the side, or writing, or painting, or practicing music, or learning some skill, and doing it with enthusiasm and under his own steam, it may mean far more to him later on than performance in school. Of course reasonably good grades are necessary if one wants to get into certain colleges and professional schools; but there are certainly plenty of other things worth considering in a youngster's life. Again, some parents think that there must be something wrong with a child who goes in for some rather special kind of recreation of his own, such as nature study or lonely walks, instead of playing the games that everyone seems to play. I know a father who quite appreciably undermined his son's self-confidence, and nearly wrecked the whole scheme of family relationships, by insisting that his son must play football. Football, no doubt, is excellent—if one wants to play it. But other things are excellent too. Again, there are parents who would be horrified at the idea of their offspring not going to an academic high school and a liberal arts college. Other things being equal, this kind of experience does open up prospects. But for some people it is very definitely the wrong thing. It might be much more intelligent to send a boy to a good industrial school, and then see to it that he got a whole series of try-out jobs in different parts of the country.

Third, do your best to protect your child from premature commitments. A great many youngsters, somewhere along in their teens, want to hurry into a job. Just now, with so many opportunities for war work, the impulse is likely to be particularly prevalent and strong. It is healthy and understandable; but there is danger in it. Do not snub him by telling him that he is too young to know what it is all about. If he wants a job, by all means let him try it out in the summer or in his spare time; and help him to do so in practical ways—by working with him to locate one, by altering family arrangements for his convenience, and so on. The experience and contacts will be good for him; and you can make them better by supporting his morale. But try not to let him plunge in so deeply that he can't get out. The longer he can keep alternatives open, the better his chances of finding and achieving significant things. This is good sound common sense and wisdom, and he ought to be able to see it. Final commitments limit the future, whether one is sixteen or sixty; and sixteen is a much better age than sixty to find it out. Surely, in days like these, too, it is supremely desirable to avoid ruts, and to further the development of oneself on as many sides as possible.

Fourth, help your child to make his own choices and his own interests significant and constructive. Don't merely "respect" them, and then let them alone. Build them up, and give them your support. Many grown-ups

take the line that a child's proclivities do not amount to anything merely because he is young. And they prove their point by saying that these interests very often die out and leave no trace. But after all, when a child is not encouraged to take them seriously, and even discouraged from so doing, is it surprising that he lets them go easily, and makes little or nothing of them? Perhaps a Händel may have enough stuff in him to resist this kind of treatment, and to sneak up to the attic to practice in spite of all his parents can do. But most children don't have that much fighting spirit.

The discouragement of a child's own proclivities, either by ignoring or by active opposition, has two bad consequences. First of all, any strong interest, encouraged to take root, fostered, pushed along, built up, can grow into a career and shape the destinies of a whole life. And so when it is allowed to wither away for lack of care, a creative opportunity may have gone glimmering. Again, initiative is a quality which can be promoted and developed. If a child is led to feel that his choices amount to something, that they are not mere trivial whims, that adults whose prestige has influence with him take them seriously, he is apt to take them seriously himself. So even if any given interest does not develop and establish itself, it may still be of great benefit in building self-confidence and a spirit of adventurousness and individual attack upon the problems of life, which, as we

have seen, are just what we ought to try to develop in youngsters in these times.

So, if your child shows a definite interest in some direction, and above all if he goes on showing it for a considerable length of time, it is probably one of his strong points, and to be respected and treated as such. Give it practical support. See that he has proper equipment. See that he has proper instruction—for instance in art, or automobile-repairing, or boat-building, or whatever activity it is. A sense of growing competence is very important to him. Plan family living arrangements, the use of space in the house, and so forth, to give him feasible working opportunities. Build his morale by taking a personal interest in his doings; and let him do most of the telling. Show that you think those doings important, both by your words and by your actions. Do not give him steady doses of discouragement, and then complain about the capriciousness of his whims. The business of helping him to find himself and to fulfill himself—to make his own investment in his own personality—is practical enough; and this surely is one of the steps involved in it.

Fifth, build and seek to maintain a pattern of true fellowship with your child. This, perhaps, is the most important thing of all. Remember that you are going to haunt your child all through his days. You will do so if he goes to dwell on the other side of the world. You will do so if you live to be a hundred. You will do so if you

drop dead this evening. Parents always do. For better or for worse, part of you is part of him—part of his fate, part of his future, part of himself. Even though you never utter a word, even though your voice has long been stilled in death, you will have something crucial to say about his marriage, about the way he treats his wife, about the way he brings up his children, and deals with his associates, and develops his career. In all his most intimate and decisive choices he will always either be resisting you or pleasing you. This is your ultimate responsibility.

If you want to fulfill it, base your dealings with him on freedom, love, and generosity, never on exploitation and dominance. Fellowship is a transaction between free individuals, each of whom catches something of the other's point of view, learns from the other, and helps the other—but always in that other's own way. It is a transaction in which human personality itself is the ultimate end. You want your child to grow up into a good man. Very well! But you cannot bully him into it, or force him into it. Bullying and forcing are just the ways to distort and deflect him, and to frustrate your own purpose. It is the loved and liberated child, not the dominated and exploited child, who makes good choices later on, who is emotionally sound and stable, and who faces life with a high heart and a confident integrity. Let him be aware, even from his earliest years, that what he does amiss diminishes and injures you, just as what

you do amiss diminishes and injures him, and you will have done all that is ever possible as between human creatures to help him choose good and eschew evil.

Also true fellowship implies that you must respect your child's reticences and loyalties. Persistent efforts to force his confidence are acts of exploitation, and consequently destructive. You will get as much of his confidence as you deserve, and you should ask no more. Also remember that you cannot be his only guide, philosopher, and friend. Partly this is because of your own limitations. partly, too, it is because you are his parent. Others also must enter into his life, and he into theirs; and he should know that you welcome without stint or reservation the gifts they bring him, even though you yourself might not choose them, because whatever enriches him enriches you as well.

You want him to choose his vocation wisely, and to make a good marriage. These are the two crucial decisions in which he asserts his own independent selfhood. But you will surely influence them. They can be acts of defiance against you, of servitude to you, or of happy freedom. Begin now helping him to grow into a happy marriage and a happy career. Some day a job will open up, some day a girl will come along. Something in him will say: "Here is something of my very own, part of my very self. This is what I have meant and want to mean. This is what I am for. This is my future." Do not let him have to hesitate, even for a moment, even

subconsciously, to wonder whether you will approve. Begin teaching him now to be sure that he will have your fullest and warmest understanding and support. Generosity, liberty, love—these are the best gifts you can give your child, in war time, and always.

Brave new world! Yes, it can be so. It can be a world of wider freedoms, humaner dealings, more equitable sharings than the old has known. No blueprint of that world exists; no prophet can foresee it. It is being created unforeseeably in the minds and hearts of men, and by their daily choices. In these war days we are fighting for the victory which will make it possible. But it will not be possible unless we treat the battle also as a mighty schooling in the values which must be built into it. We older people may have some direct part in it; but our larger share will be in and through our children's lives. Today prudence and defensive foresight are visibly defeated; and in this sense we cannot help them much. But we can teach them courage, and fellowship, and the spirit of creative adventuring, so that they will go on to shape the new world well.

It will not be, as some suggest, a machine world. Man has served the machine far too long already; and now it is the turn of the machine to serve its maker. Rather we should see it as a world of completer personal fulfillment, in which material riches are harnessed to the

values of human life and growth. It will be a world whose watchword is: "So act as to treat humanity, whether in thine own person or in that of another, always as an end withal, never as a means only."

THE END

A Personal Philosophy for War Time

By JAMES L. MURSELL

*Professor of Education at Teachers College,
Columbia University*

"Courage," said Emerson, "is equality to the situation before us." This is a book to crystallize and make articulate the courage of the ordinary citizen on the home front. It is a liberating philosophy for Americans in a time of crisis.

This is not a book of pious platitudes nor does it counsel resignation. Out of a deeply ethical conviction and a realization that Americans, once aroused, are a fighting people second to none, Mr. Mursell ringingly demonstrates that the war with all its anxieties and losses is not a period to be endured and lived through but an opportunity and a challenge to everyone. Not for us, even in war time, is the process of dehumanization employed by the Germans and Japanese. On the contrary, the war is an opportunity for every individual to discover the best that is in himself, to increase his stature and develop new strength.

Mr. Mursell cogently shows how each of us can develop his capacities either in the armed forces or in home defense; how we can meet the challenge of an interruption to our careers; how we can develop ourselves through new opportunities and fellowship; how we can fit our children for a new world. Above all, this book shows how every individual can keep his own flag flying, can eliminate useless worry over uncertainties by intelligent, planned action. *A Personal Philosophy for War Time* is a philosophy that works. This book is one which answers the greatest needs of Americans dedicated to enduring the war but to winning.

JAMES L. MURSELL

Born in Derby, England, on June 1, 1893, James L. Mursell was educated at Edinburgh Academy in Scotland, Taunton School at Taunton, England, and at Kyre College, Adelaide, South Australia. In 1915 he received his B.A. degree and Honors in Philosophy at the University of Queensland, Australia. During the years from 1915 to 1917 he was a Queensland Government Traveling Fellow and in 1918 received his doctor's degree from Harvard University.

He was at one time Director of the Research Department of the Interchurch World Movement and taught Psychology and Education at Lake Erie College, Painesville, Ohio, and at Lawrence College, Appleton, Wisconsin. He is now Professor of Education at Teachers College, Columbia University.

Mr. Mursell has been particularly interested in the psychology of music and its implications in education, has written several important books on these and allied subjects and is a member of the Research Council on Music Education of the Music Educators National Conference. He is a contributor to the *Atlantic Monthly*, *Harper's*, *Parents' Magazine*, *Psychological Review* and many others. His home is now in New York City.

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